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In this issue: { The Russians in North and South Dakota.
The Peace that Came to Him.
The Sioux Valley in South Dakota.
A Pen Sketch of Towns in Northwestern Iowa.

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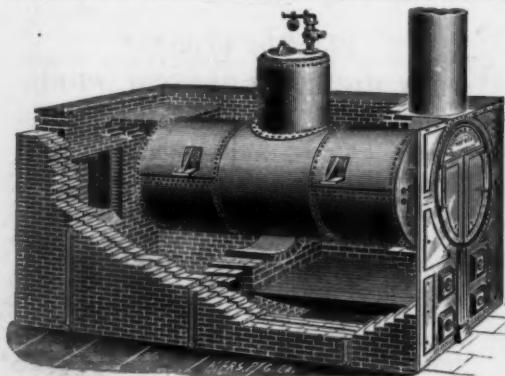
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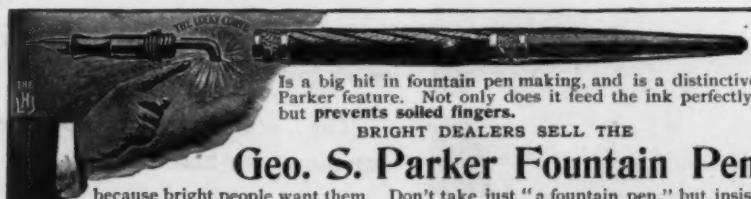
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THE RUSSIANS IN NORTH AND SOUTH DAKOTA.

By Signa Setter Strom.

ber of the family, I have been kindly treated and shown every consideration and comfort which their limited conveniences afforded; as a teacher, they have taken great interest in my work, and really the parents have usually given me more of help and less of hinderance, with fault finding, than has been accorded me in more pretentious and refined districts.

They are a thrifty and industrious people, and will undoubtedly prove a far more desirable class of citizens than the shiftless, pauperized Slavonic element which is pouring into the country in constantly increasing numbers. Unlike the Scandinavians, the Irish, and other foreigners who seem to imbibe the all-men-being-free-and-equal spirit as soon as they have landed at Castle Garden, and whose chief aim in life thereafter is to become Americanized as thoroughly and rapidly as possible, the Russian peasant clings to old-world customs and prejudices, and retains his national characteristics longer than any of his European brethren. This fact is apparent even at first glance, on entering a Russian settlement. The more or less dilapidated farmhouses which have hitherto varied the monotony of prairie scenery have gradually disappeared, and you observe with curiosity the queer-looking mud-colored

structures, all built after much the same fashion and varying little in size, the dimensions usually being about 20x24 feet. The material used in the construction of these houses is sod, thickly plastered inside and out with a mixture of mud, straw and manure. The walls are made very thick and are impenetrable alike to the cold of winter and the heat of summer. The inside is usually whitewashed and is sometimes decorated in fantastic designs of glaring blues and reds, after a unique fashion. An old stocking is unraveled, the crinkly yarn dipped in the dye, and daubed on the walls at irregular intervals. The effect is indescribable, and must be seen to be appreciated. It reminds one, somehow, of Aubrey Beardsley's posters.

The small, square windows are set deeply in the wall and are kept hermetically sealed, ventilation being an unknown quantity. Except among the well-to-do, mud floors are very much in evidence. These are "schmered" weekly with a mixture of sand and clay—a task as dear to the heart of the thrifty Russian "frau" as is her Saturday scrubbing to the immaculate New England housewife. Although stoves are coming more and more into use, many houses are still heated in a primitive fashion by means of huge stone ovens built in the wall, extending from floor to ceiling. The fireplace, in which they burn hay, straw and stable refuse, is underneath, the oven being quickly heated and retaining its heat for hours after the fire has gone out. The cooking is all done in this oven.

In a typical Russian home, where innovations in the guise of rocking-chairs, sewing-



A RUSSIAN FARMHOUSE.

"The material used in the construction of these houses is sod, thickly plastered inside and out with a mixture of mud, straw and manure."

It has been the fate or fortune of the writer to spend the greater part of three winters teaching school in McIntosh County, North Dakota, living in Russian families. As a mem-

machines, etc., have not as yet found their way, the furniture is of the rudest kind, consisting usually of a table, a few chairs, a couple of wooden benches, a cupboard, a bed in each room, and always and invariably a cradle; for the Russian is rich in the poor man's blessings. To have a large family is considered desirable, and he who does not have one is looked on with mingled pity and contempt. A Russian bed is a thing fearfully and wonderfully made. It is piled high with downy feather beds and pillows, and the Russian housewife exhausts her ingenuity in the ornamentation of her pillow-cases and bedspreads. The feather beds are used as a substitute for comforters or quilts. And, by the way, getting ready for bed is, with the Russian, a remarkably simple process. Cap, coat and boots alone are removed. Likewise, with supreme disregard for hygienic precepts, he scrupulously refrains from bathing. He is firmly convinced that the less robust physiques of the American people are the direct result of an over indulgence in soap and water. Having conceived a prejudice in favor of cleanliness early in life, I am inclined to attribute the Russian's state of chronic healthiness to his active outdoor life and wholesome food. Bread, coffee, meat, potatoes and soup, without variation, constitute the bill of fare. Pie, cake and other Americanisms are unknown. Butter is used sparingly, and, being unsalted, is rather unpalatable to the American taste. Potatoes and meat are cooked only for the midday meal. Breakfast and supper invariably consist of

bread, coffee and syrup. The bread is made from the cheaper grades of flour, and is baked in loaves the size of four ordinary ones; yet the average Russian family will consume about twenty of these in a week. The incredulous reader will kindly bear in mind that the "average" family among these people means ten or twelve.

As a result of doing much heavy outdoor work, the Russian women are very strong and well-developed physically. They are ill-proportioned and ungraceful, however, while their feet and hands are as large as those of the men. An amusing incident, illustrating this fact, came under my observation in the little town of Kulm. A Russian woman entered a store and asked to look at some shoes. The proprietor, being an American and a new-comer, politely brought out for her inspection various sizes and widths in women's footwear. Looking on in apparent disgust, the woman finally pointed to a pair of men's boots displayed in the window. The storekeeper collapsed, and when his customer left the store she triumphantly carried under her arm a pair of cowhide No. 10's.

I have seen women doing all the work for an average family, besides doing as much work in the harvest-field as any of the men. They do not seem to consider this a hardship, but accept it as the natural condition of things. In every other way the Russian wife is treated by her husband with consideration and respect. In family affairs she practically rules supreme,

and is often appealed to when a bargain or trade is under consideration. Marital infidelity is virtually unknown. This may be the result of looking upon marriage as a purely business transaction. When a young man has arrived at a marriageable age, he selects from among the maidens of his acquaintance the one that looks strongest and healthiest—the one, in a word, that is likely to prove the best investment. In case he does not know any one who seems desirable, he usually has some friend who does. In either case, the mode of procedure is the same. Accompanied by a friend who acts as spokesman, he interviews his intended father-in-law, and if he makes a favorable impression the bargain is concluded amid the smoking of innumerable cigarettes. It is useless to consult the girl, as she never thinks of objecting. It is customary for each of the interested parties to deposit five dollars, to be forfeited by the one who fails to carry out the agreement, and as a typical Russian would marry the veriest shrew rather than lose half that sum, no case is on record where the money has been forfeited.

Passion and sentiment are elements entirely foreign to the stolid, unemotional nature of this people. Love and friendship, as we know them, simply do not exist; consequently there is little of jealousy and strife and heartache. Social intercourse is limited to friendly greetings in church and an occasional visit between neighbors. Occasionally there is one more progressive than the average who will move

into the village, send his children to the village school, and live and work among Americans. Such a one is sure to get the full benefit of whatever neighborhood gossip these people permit themselves to engage in (and that is very little, be it said to their credit), and be classed among them as "high-toned," "stuck-up," and "thinks he's somebody." Such a sentiment cannot long endure. With schools, taught by American teachers, over which float the bright colors of Old Glory, and with constant trade and business intercourse with American citizens, the rising generation is sure to lose much of this prejudice. If they retain the native industry, honesty and frugality, with the benefits of an education under American teachers in their schools, these Russian settlements are destined to become the most wealthy and prosperous of any in the Northwest.

Probably the two distinguishing characteristics of the Russian are his love for money and his piety. It would seem at first glance as if the two could hardly be reconciled. But Russian piety is of a peculiar variety; religion with him becomes almost a form of dissipation; it is the only relaxation he permits himself. His social status is determined chiefly by the fact of his being converted.



DURING A RUSSIAN CHURCH SERVICE.

Religious services are held two or three times a day on Sunday, and absence therefrom is considered a grave offense."

The minister in a Russian community is something more than a spiritual guide and adviser. He is held in the greatest respect, and in his way he is quite an autocrat. The quarrels and dissensions of the neighborhood, and all vexed questions, are brought to him for settlement, and his decision is regarded as final. Religious services are held two or three times a day on Sunday, and absence therefrom is considered a grave offense. The men and women always sit on opposite sides of the church. Revival meetings are frequently held, and are the objects of intense interest. It was my good fortune to attend one of these meetings not long ago, and a description may prove of interest to the reader. The church was crowded, and a dim light fell on grimy, rugged faces,—accentuating the expression of hopeless stolidity peculiar to those who lead lives of grinding drudgery and toil,—and on the venerable figure of the preacher, his face aglow with religious enthusiasm. To him his creed was a living reality, and he seemed to pour forth his whole soul in a flood of untutored eloquence, his voice now rising in impassioned appeal, now sinking to a whisper of pleading persuasion. The sermon concluded, a song was sung. They have magnificent voices, these people. The minister lifts his hand: "Let us pray," he says, and men, women and children sink to their knees. There is a moment of intense, silent expectancy. Then a wave of furious emotion sweeps over the congregation. Their stolid natures are aroused to the uttermost. Strong men sob, women shriek hysterically, and children cling to their mothers wailing in terror. Loud and louder waxes the tumult; but above it, clear and strong, rings out the voice of the preacher. He is singing "Rock of Ages," singing it magnificently, and the melody, solemn and sweet, seems like a benediction. One by one the congregation joins him, and the soul-satisfying peace reflected from those faces and poured out through those voices is an evidence that no amount of reason and argument can overthrow. A shout is heard down by the door: "Hallelujah! I am saved!" and a young man rises to his feet excitedly, clapping his hands. He fervently embraces and kisses his neighbor, and the same greeting is extended to all the brothers and sisters. This is customary, I am told. Another rises, and yet another, and shouts of triumph are heard on every hand, mingled with the sobbing supplications of those still under conviction. There is more singing, more testimonies, more seasons of prayer. It is late before the closing hymn is sung—the members of the congregation linger as if loth to return to their narrow, every-day existence.

There is no halo of picturesque romance lingering among these people, but the writer who possesses the rare power of drawing inspiration from even uncouth and unattractive realities, will here find a promising and as yet untried field, in which he may be to these Russians what Hall Caine has been to the Manxmen.

BUILDING CARS OF WASHINGTON FIR.

A prominent lumber journal says that during the last three years Washington fir has largely displaced other kinds of lumber in car building. Immense quantities of it are used. The chief advantage is on account of its lightness. Fir has largely taken the place of yellow pine and Norway on that account, although its tensile strength is not so great as that of yellow pine. It is used for sills, framing and sheeting, but Oregon spruce is coming into favor as sheeting. Pullman's Palace Car Company uses great quantities of fir in the building of sleeping-cars, passenger cars and street-cars. The chief



RUSSIAN WOMEN AT WORK IN THE HARVEST-FIELDS.

"I have seen women doing all the work for an average family, besides doing as much work in the harvest-field as any of the men."

reason that caused that company to use it was the fact that such long stuff could be obtained, which is of great advantage in the building of passenger cars. The lumber is all of high grade, and comparatively easy to work, on account of its grain, its lightness and its dryness. The Western railroads were the first to recognize the advantages of fir. They were forced into it by the necessity of building cars in the Far West in order to accommodate their traffic. The weight of the first new car surprised them. The railroad men, who had only their experience with Eastern built cars made on old-fashioned ideas and plans, were skeptical as to whether it would be strong enough to last any length of time. Their fears have been groundless, however, for the cars did last and do last. The lighter weights make a great saving in wear and tear of track and rolling-stock, while

the fuel bill is cut 'way down from what it would be if heavier cars were used over the steep grades of the West.

DOWN MANY WATERS TO MEMPHIS.—A hardy adventurer will start from a little settlement in Northern Minnesota next spring, drift down streams and lakes till he comes to the Mississippi, and then float on the Father of Waters until he reaches his old home in Memphis, Tenn. His boat, or canoe, is being made now. It will be hewn from a huge pine log. When finished it will be painted red, white and blue, and be named "The North Star." It is the intention of the voyager to subsist chiefly on fish and game procured by rod and gun while en route. His only companion will be his faithful dog. Barring loneliness, it is safe to say that he will have a pleasant trip.



CULTURE IN RUSH CITY.

Talk about yer culcher! Why, Rush City's up in G
With her French, 'n Swede 'n German, 'n a weekly
singin' bee;

'N y'd think th' town a collage if yer staid here over
night,
With the lamp o' larnin' burnin' double-time 'n allus
bright.

Fust the gals they call me "Monseer," 'n they call my
wife "Madam;"
'N "bung joor," "we gates," 'n "store teel," till I don't
know where I am.
"Oh revoor," "gut nacht," "god aften," 'n a lot of
things much wuss.
Till I try to answer likewise, get it wrong, 'n start ter
cuss.

Et Chautauque they're a-studyin' about the fall o'
Rome,
'N they put a leetle Latin in the sanctity o' home.
'N they work at social problems, how ter beautify the
town
By a-cleanin' up the alleys 'n a hangin' chromos
'roun'.

Then it's "do, ray, me," "ta, ra, ra," 'n a lot of other
things,
When Perfesser Wilson signals 'n the hull caboodle
sings,
'N the next day they're a-hummin' like a lot o' bumble-
bees,
Till they run the scale in ev'ry thing, 'n even when
they sneeze.

—Franklyn W. Lee, in *Rush City (Minn.) Post*.

Better Label Them.

The Sheldon (N. D.) *Progress* says that Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Freeman, of that town, gave all their ten children a first name beginning with "El" and containing five letters. All except Elmer and Elvie are living. The two youngest, Elfin and Elfie, are twins. The names in order of age are:

Elton	Ellis
Elmer	Elvin
Elsie	Elmon
Elvie	Elfin
Elmie	Elfie

An Indian Burial at Evening.

On a recent Saturday afternoon, while the Indians were camped on Camas Prairie, a child about two years old died and was buried in the evening on the banks of Camas Creek, says the Missoula correspondent of the *Anaconda (Mont.) Standard*. Chief Kingfisher preached the funeral services at the grave in the Cree language, the whole tribe being present. After it had been buried, the march back to camp began, amid the cries and wailing of all. It was a sad and interesting sight to one that had never seen an Indian burial, and especially in this instance, when on the morrow the Indians of the tribe were to start for their future home several hundred miles away, never, probably, to return to the grave again.

A Queer Idaho Wager.

One of the most singular wagers ever heard of has been proposed for a horse-race in Cassia County. "Diamondfield Jack" was convicted of murder, and a motion for a new trial has been made. The result of the motion hinges on whether it was possible for the defendant to have made certain ride in a certain length of time, the defense claiming it could not have been done, although one of the witnesses for the prosecution claims to have repeated it. Now the defense has proposed that the prosecution may select horses and riders and make the

attempt at the expense of the defense. If the ride is made, the defense loses its chances for getting a new trial. It will mean, if the offer is accepted, a ride to put a man's neck in the halter.—*De Lamar (Id.) Nugget*.

In Territorial Days.

While J. E. Kramiss, a former resident of the Dakotas during the Territorial days, but who now lives in Iowa, was in St. Paul recently, he talked of old-times as follows to a representative of the *Daily Globe*:

"We used to have lively times out in the Dakotas in the early days. Between the hot political campaigns and the Indians we were kept on the *qui vive* most of the time. I will never forget the contest over the selection of a site for the Territorial capital. It was along in the '80's, and the Legislature had provided for a commission to select the site. The law read that the commission should organize in Yankton, which was at that time the capital. It was no secret that the commission were in favor of removing the capital, and the people of Yankton knew it. The commission went down to Sioux City, and, after a few days' stay, secured a special train and went back through Yankton, passing through the city at about forty miles an hour. While passing through the town limits the commission organized, and thus complied with the law.

"Nearly every man in Yankton was a deputy sheriff, and United States Marshall Dan Murrat, with the citizens, tried to stop the train, but as the switches had been spiked they could do nothing, and the train passed through Yankton and came to St. Paul, where the commission drew up the papers removing the capital to Bismarck. I tell you those were hot times. There came near being an insurrection among the few people then in the Territory. But things are different out there now; the State is now covered with a network of railroads, and 'Injuns' are scarce."

A Fortune in Klondike Poker.

A correspondent of an Eastern paper says that it was in Dawson City, the metropolis of the newly-discovered Klondike region, that three men started a game of poker one night in a saloon. Gradually the crowd grew until there were five in the game.

Money, that is, coined money, is scarce in that region; so dust and nuggets were used. At the start of the game white sheets of note-paper were spread on the table, and when a man would ante he would put in a pinch of dust.

Finally the break came. Sandy McLeod, who had gone into the country as sergeant of mounted police, was one of the players. He was dealt a hand that seemed to suit him. After the bet he turned to his pack, and lifting out a two-quart jar of gold, said:

"I raise you that."

The next man was Joe Hollingshead, a Texan, the discoverer of the Bonanza Creek camp. Joe never moved a muscle, but saw the bet and raised it another jar.

The next man was a Swede, and he passed out. The last man, the dealer, hesitated long, but finally tossed his cards in the center also.

The opener saw the raise, lifted it another jar, and lay back complacently. Sandy hesitated not a second, but reached for his outfit again and produced a can of dust. This he calmly hoisted on the table, together with the jar, to see the other raise, remarking, "Raise you a can."

Hollingshead promptly saw the bet. Nearly all the three men had was on the table, and we knew the end was near.

In the deal the first man took two cards. Sandy took two also, and Joe took but one.

Sandy had no more oil-cans of gold, but he

had two jars full, and Joe had an equal amount. A show-down was demanded. Sandy had three aces, a queen, and a jack, and Joe had four kings and an ace.

How much gold was on that table at one time? Figure it for yourself. A reasonable estimate, however, would place its value at about \$120,000.

Montana Gold-Ducks.

"Oh, yes," said W. F. Cobban recently to the Butte (Mont.) *Inter-Mountain*, as he threw a small nugget of gold up in the air and caught it again as it came down, "ducks are much better than chickens for mining purposes. They swallow larger pieces of the yellow stuff than chickens do. Last week I bought a lot of the latter and turned them loose in the yard, but I intend to get some more ducks. Sunday I killed one of the chickens to see if it had picked any of the gold from the dirt of the cellar. Its craw did not contain any gold, but it had three or four very pretty sapphires and a white stone the name of which I do not know. I am going to take it to a jewelry store and learn what it is. I also killed a duck, the only one I had, and it was—"

At this point Mr. Cobban exhibited several nuggets, and laughed; but before he could tell all about it an acquaintance of his turned the corner near which he was standing and broke up the story by saying:

"Well, how about the strike of rich pay-dirt that was made a few days ago while workmen were excavating for a cellar under your house?"

"It is all there as rich as ever. We are not washing any of the dirt, but are saving it until next spring. It is being sacked. Other people living in that section are preparing to do a little of the same class of work. By spring we will doubtless have quite an excitement in our neighborhood. Just think of it! When a man down there runs short of change and desires to purchase something, all he has to do is go down in the cellar, pan out a few shovelfuls of dirt, dump the residue into his buckskin sack, and pull the string. It's just like drawing money out of an up-town bank."

Then he took another look at his nuggets and asked if any one knew where he could find a flock of ducks.

Queer Mining Stampedes.

A correspondent from Deadwood, S. D., says that the various stampedes in different directions about the Black Hills have a very amusing side and keep prospectors and those who want to be with the winning crowd on the tip-toe of uncertainty all the time. A few days ago there was a discovery noted from Sheep Mountain, near the head of Polo Creek. No sooner had the news been given to the staid and respectable citizens who were on the inside than they started away, only to be followed by all the surplus population. The stampede was remarkable, and every man in Deadwood seemed to have been favored with "first information." While this stampede was going on, another report came from the opposite direction that ore had been found at Elkhorn tunnel; and away the crowd rushed there. This has been a common occurrence for weeks, and, as one result, there is very little to be shown by the men with valuable inside information in the way of good claims or mines anywhere, while others, who had no such early news, have made themselves rich. The new discoveries have been a matter of surprise to the old prospectors and miners, who have been tramping over the ground, now found to be the very richest, for these many years, and regarding it all with disdain. For twenty years, localities that are now lively and prosperous shipping-camps have been passed as worthless by the most expert

miners, and it has remained for tenderfeet, in many instances, to find and bring to light the best ores ever found in the Black Hills.

A Modern Wetzel.

"Lewis Wetzel, who lived in the western part of Virginia, became noted as an Indian fighter previous to and during the Revolutionary War," remarked an old-timer, who was in a reminiscent mood.

"He was a large, wiry, athletic man, who became an Indian hunter because Indians had killed all his nearest kindred in their raids into the settlements of Western Virginia. He possessed a frame that it seemed impossible to tire, and he was considered the best shot with a rifle in all that country. He killed Indians out of mere revenge, and he not only killed them when on the war-path, but whenever he could engage with them. He could load his rifle running, and therefore was a dangerous antagonist. He was one of the few men of the West who could fire at the edge of a knife and cut the bullet in two every time at a distance of ten yards. He enjoyed his prowess, and when in the settlements he was a companionable man; but hunting Indians he was morose and disagreeable, and much preferred to be alone. It is said that he even killed Indian women and children, and it is well-known that he killed Indians who were ambassadors to the whites on peaceful errands. If he ever saw an Indian that he did not kill, it has not been recorded. In the Upper Ohio River Country his name has been handed down from father to son, and many exploits have been told of him which never appeared in print. There is a county in West Virginia named after him, and romances have been written whose heroes have his character.

"Montana has a man now living whose career has been something like that of Wetzel. He has not, probably, killed as many Indians, but that has not been his fault. He is said to have slain at least forty red skins, and he has not been particular what tribe they belonged to or where they were. He has taken as great risks in killing Indians as Wetzel ever did. The reason of his hatred for the whole Indian race was the killing of a favorite brother, in a family of seven or eight boys, by the Piegan. He was a good shot and used a Winchester rifle instead of the old muzzle-loading flint-lock rifle that Wetzel carried. He is David Warcham, of Fergus County.

"I have heard accounts of but two of his battles, but no doubt a history of others would be just as interesting. He encountered five bucks, evidently on the war-path or a horse-stealing expedition. He had not his gun with him, but he went home, which was not far off, and returned with it. He sought a good spot, and began firing. The Indians made fight, but he dropped them so fast that two started to run away, but he was too swift for them, even, and every one was killed.

"Another time he and a pilgrim were camping out, and in the night the Indians stole both their horses. They followed the Indians,

who evidently did not expect a visit from them. They crept up close to the camp and found the horses tied there. Warcham's horse was a pet, and whinnied when it scented its master. The Indians did not awake, and both horses were taken away. They could not get their own saddles, but got two old Indian saddles as being better than riding bareback. They then stampeded the Indian horses and drove them toward Fort Benton. Passing a narrow canyon, Warcham told his companion to hurry along with the horses as fast as he could, and he would wait for the Indians, seven in number, whom they had seen coming afar off. He concealed himself as well as he could, and awaited their coming. When the battle was over, the seven Indians had become 'good' Indians and Warcham had not a single scratch. After resting his horse he overtook his companion, who was nearly scared to death and almost worn out

the magic metal—humanity has leveled mountains and bridged seas and oceans," said a local civil engineer to the *Portland Oregonian*.

"I was assistant engineer on the Ontario & Quebec Railroad, a branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and in running our preliminary lines one of them touched Bridgewater, Ont., a deserted town that was the personification of Oliver Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village.' Bridgewater was brought into existence by one of the strangest gold-finds and crazes in the history of this continent, and it goes to show what great results sometimes follow small and unimportant occurrences. I will tell you the story of how a stray cow caused millions of money to be spent in search of gold.

"Nearly twenty-five years ago a farmer's wife was searching the woods surrounding their farm for a cow that had strayed, and, becoming thirsty, stopped to get a drink from a spring. Slipping, she fell against a small, loose rock, which rolled to her feet and proved to be a twenty-pound nugget of almost pure gold. Bridgewater at that time was nearly forty miles from the nearest railroad, and the present site of the town was nothing but a wilderness; but the effect of that accidental find of the farmer's wife was such that, inside of six months, what had been a burned-over, barren wilderness was converted into a substantial city of nearly 5,000 persons.

"In digging a shaft about a mile south of the town site, on the claim of the Hon. Billia Flint, a life senator of Canada, an immense quarry of the purest white marble ever found on this continent was discovered, and at the suggestion of the senator the town of Bridgewater was practically built of marble, for it has today the only hotel, church, school, courthouse and dwellings constructed entirely of white marble in the world; and a mile north of the town are an abandoned ax factory and the grist mill, whose foundations are built of the same beautiful material.

"During the building of the town thousands of men prospected the entire country, and shafts and tunnels were driven—some of them nearly 100 feet deep; but, strange as it may seem, there never was enough gold found to pay the cost of a single shaft or tunnel sunk or run in the entire district. So excited did the farmers around Bridgewater become that some of them actually hired guards to keep men from going on their land to pick up gold.

"Pat Kehoe, an old Irishman who owned 100 acres of rock-strewn barren land, was offered \$125,000 for his holding, but held out for \$150,000. Today you could buy the property for about \$150.

"One rancher, whose farm adjoined 'Aladdin's Cave,' the place where the original nugget was found, sold forty-five acres to an English syndicate for \$100,000; and it is an established fact that the syndicate spent as much more developing the claim, as everything was very costly, all material having to be hauled nearly fifty miles over rough roads. It did not get a single ounce of free gold out of the purchase; but it mined some quartz—about 100 tons, shipped it to the States, and in return got a bill from the smelting company for \$360 smelting charges, over and above the gold in the quartz! This was the first, and I believe the last, shipment of quartz ever made, as the cost of hauling, shipping and smelting was \$150 a ton more than the rock produced.

"For some reason the marble quarries of Bridgewater were never worked other than for local building purposes—just why I do not know; for, though I have seen many so-called marble palaces in different parts of Europe, I have never seen anything like those to be found in Bridgewater, probably the only entire town in the world that is built of white marble."



PREPARING SALMON FOR CANNING AT ASTORIA, OREGON.

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Strange History of a Canadian Town.

"One salmon multiplies its species a million fold; the giants of the Western forest spring from a seed no larger than a pea; but for gold—

THE SOLDIERS' HOME
AT HOT SPRINGS.
S. D.

This grand building, the pride of every citizen of South Dakota, is four stories high, built of native stone, and has all the modern improvements and appliances. Standing as it does on an elevation overlooking the "Vale of Minnekahta," it attracts the eye from every point of view. The grounds surrounding this institution are eighty acres in extent and are broken in landscape, gently sloping to the town half a mile distant and some two hundred feet lower. One hundred and sixty-five veterans here find a comfortable, even luxurious home. The hot water of the springs, so numerous in this locality, is used for bathing, drinking and culinary purposes, and the old soldiers are loud in their praises of the balmy climate and wonderful waters, so miraculous in their effects on rheumatic and other ailments.

Since Colonel Arthur Linn has had command of the home, a determined effort has been made to call attention to Hot Springs as a suitable place for a branch National Soldiers' Home. Under his able and thoroughly efficient management the home is a model of its kind, and nowhere on the continent could there be a better place for those who are dependent on the nation's bounty.

Hot Springs, South Dakota, is beyond doubt

national Home have induced my belief in the efficacy of the waters of the Hot Springs for rheumatism, sciatica, spinal irritation and nervous prostration.

"The test, which is fully described in my report, was severe, but too brief. It was upon about thirty men, eighteen of whom were treated for rheumatism. In the sixty days' test, eight of them, or forty-four per cent of those who were treated for rheumatism, were practically cured, the remainder all benefited, excepting one; and those suffering from sciatica, spinal irritation and nervous prostration were improved. I believe the percentage cured would have been doubled with four to six months' treatment. During the year ending

stored to health, and there would follow a saving of \$100 per capita to the Government per annum, or \$17,600. There might be a total saving effected per annum of \$70,000.

"If a sanitarium were established at Hot Springs at a cost of \$100,000, and one-half the cases of rheumatism should be cured that might be sent for treatment from the most convenient of the Soldiers' Homes, I have no doubt it would pay for itself within five years after it was ready for occupation, in saving from cost of maintenance in Soldiers' Homes without cure. Without a cent of savings in money, the rescue from pain and misery and the restoration to health of those men for whose welfare the Government is responsible, would, I believe, fully justify the establishment of the sanitarium.

"In this view, it would be an economical undertaking for the public good, which the public would appreciate and approve.

"Wm. W. AVERELL, U. S. A.,
Assistant Inspector-General, National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers."

There are thousands of deserving veterans scattered over the country who are suffering from rheumatism, the veteran's worst enemy, and, in order that these men shall have a chance to be cured or relieved of their suffering, an effort is now being made to secure the establishment of a Northern Branch of the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at Hot Springs. Senator Pettigrew, of South Dakota, has secured the passage of a bill in the Senate for the location of such a home, and it is reasonably expected that it will pass the House.

The demand for a Northern Branch at Hot Springs, or, properly speaking, for a great "Soldiers' Sanitarium," grows every month. The number of rheumatic sufferers grows with time and age. In every State home a majority of the patients therein suffer from rheumatism. The location of such an institution at Hot Springs is demanded by every consideration for human suffering. It is not a question of dollars, but one of humanity that appeals to the people and to Congress; and no patriotic citizen can object to the establishment of such an institution.

Colonel Arthur Linn, commandant of the



THE EVANS HOTEL, HOT SPRINGS, S. D.

one of the greatest health resorts of the kind in the United States, proof of which assertion can be had from the Government itself. Nothing can be more convincing than the following letter from Gen. W. W. Averell, written at Bath, N. Y., February 7, 1894, to the chairman of the National Sub-committee on Soldiers' Homes, etc. We quote as follows:

"Dear Sir: I have been requested to present to you my views regarding the advisability of and necessity for the establishment of a sanitarium at Hot Springs, S. D. Your committee, I presume, has my reports of three visits to the State Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers at that place, made in 1891, 1892, and 1893, which may contain my knowledge of the climate and of the healing qualities of the waters of the Minnekahta or Hot Springs.

"The unusual number of members discharged from the State Home during the year by reason of their recovery from the disabilities which had entitled them to its care and attention first attracted my attention, and subsequently the results of the remarkable test made last year, 1893, upon thirty disabled men selected and sent from the Western Branch of the Na-

June 30, 1893, there were in the Central, Marion, Northwestern and Western branches of the National Home an average number sick of 1,590, of which 853, or fifty-three per cent, were treated for rheumatism in its various forms, acute, and subacute, and chronic (articular or muscular). These branches are the nearest and most accessible to the South Dakota Hot Springs, and if provisions were made for the treatment of those 853 members afflicted with rheumatism at Hot Springs, and forty-four per cent of them were cured, there would ensue a saving to the Government of the cost of their maintenance in the homes, viz., \$52,875, computed on the per capita cost of \$140.75 per annum, and there would be something added to the producing power of the country.

"In the State homes nearest the Hot Springs—Illinois, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado—there were on the 30th of June, 1895, 488 members sick, of whom a much larger proportion, over 400, were treated for rheumatism. Assuming that the same percentage of cures, forty-four per cent, would result from a treatment at Hot Springs, there would be 176 re-



"THE PLUNGE," CONNECTED WITH THE EVANS HOTEL AT HOT SPRINGS, S. D.



FARGO HOTEL, HOT SPRINGS, S. D.



STATE SOLDIERS' HOME AT HOT SPRINGS, SOUTH DAKOTA.

South Dakota Soldiers' Home, informs us that he has received applications from rheumatic veterans in nine States and two national homes, asking for admission into the South Dakota home to get relief from tortures of rheumatism; but none can be admitted into the home—only those that are actual residents of the State. Colonel Linn is of the opinion, based on reports from all State and national homes, that a sanitarium capable of caring for 5,000 men would be filled within two years. Every rheumatic patient that has entered the South Dakota Home has been cured, which is really a better test than the one General Averell speaks of.

The Government owes it to its gallant defenders, and Congress should see to it that these men are provided with means of getting relief. The hot waters of Hot Springs will cure almost any disease, but for rheumatism these waters have proved their value in thousands of cases. Men have been carried in blankets and placed in the old Indian bath, and after three applications, or baths, have got up and dressed themselves. A volume could be written of the wonderful cures, but the Government test is sufficient to prove all that is claimed. Besides, General Franklin, General Averell, and other noted army officers have heartily endorsed the location of a National Branch or sanitarium at Hot Springs.

For the benefit of others who may wish to visit Hot Springs for pleasure or to regain health, we would mention two of the hotels there. The Evans is one of the leading hotels in the West. It is built of pink sandstone, and accommodates 300 people. The "plunge" connected with it is 100x250 feet, with an outflow of 100,000 gallons of water an hour. Every convenience that modern life furnishes is to be found at this hotel, and the wonderful medicinal water has cured thousands.

The Hotel Fargo is open the year round, and, like the other hotels, has all modern conveniences. Hot Springs, nestling in the most romantic valley in the Black Hills, 3,500 feet above the level of the sea, has a crisp, bracing atmosphere that is laden with balsamic odors from the great pines surmounting every hill-top—a tonic in itself. The lovely scenery of the surrounding mountains, valleys, cliffs and glens, is a perpetual delight. But, greatest of all are the warm medicinal springs, whose waters have cured many beyond the reach of climate, physicians, or drugs.

AN INDIAN TRADITION.

The Indian tradition of Happy Valley, in the Olympics, says the *Pendleton East Oregonian*, relates that ages ago all the tribes annually gath-

ered in this beautiful valley to hold joyous carnival and participate in games and contests of strength and endurance. All arms were left at the borders of the valley, and for an entire moon joy and peace reigned supreme. At length the great god, Seatco, became angry with his children, and in his wrath caused a convulsion of nature which destroyed all the assembled revelers except one or two, who escaped and carried the tale of woe to the outer world; and for this reason centuries have passed without an Indian daring to penetrate the Olympics and brave the wrath of Seatco.

ANCIENT MINES IN MONTANA.

"Most people will be surprised when they read that there are ancient mines in Montana, and perhaps a great many will still doubt it," remarked an old-timer to a *Phillipsburg (Mont.) Mail* representative. "The following story is as I got it from my friend. I gave him my promise not to disclose his name or the locality. I give it to you as he told it to me:

"We have just come down from the _____ River, and have been having a queer experience, too. About two weeks ago we were traveling along with our outfit. It had been raining all day, and we concluded to go into camp the first good place we struck. The country was covered with lodge-pole pine, and there was no place to picket a horse. Along about 3 o'clock in the afternoon we came to a park in the mouth of a small gulch and found everything we wanted—good horse-feed, plenty of good fire-wood, and some fresh deer sign.

"It is against the law to kill deer at this season, but, all the same, after we had camp made and had got warmed up, Jim went up the small gulch and got one. I heard him shoot, and was pretty sure he had something; so I went up to help him bring it down. We got him on a pole and started with our load, but the down timber was thick and we had to rest pretty often. We rested in one place where the rim-rock stood up about thirty feet straight from the creek. We were looking over the face of it for any sign of a vein, when Jim said, 'I have struck a lead,' and pointed it out to me.

"We left the deer and climbed up to take a look at it, and found that someone had been there before, for there was the entrance to a tunnel. We knew it must have been done a long time ago, for there was no sign of a dump—it had all been washed away. We went in as far as we could with what matches we had, and concluded to come back in the morning and explore it.

"That night we speculated a great deal on

when all that work could have been done. We were both old-timers and were sure there had been no quartz-mining done in that section of Montana since we were in the country. We put in most of the night talking; neither of us was inclined to sleep much. We got up early (it was still raining), had breakfast, took a couple of candles, pick, shovel, and some sacks to get samples in, and started. We concluded to explore the mine before we took any samples, so we started in, following the main drift. We passed several chambers cut out at the side of the drift, and several raises had been put in; but we kept on, as we had no ladder to climb up in the raises. We noticed a great deal of copper-stain along the floor. It seemed to be in bunches. We broke some of the quartz, but could find no copper in it, though we did see some gold several times.

"I think we followed the drift about one thousand feet, when we came to the end. It looked as if men had just quit work. We found four holes drilled all ready to blast, and lots of copper-stain. Jim was examining the copper, when he surprised me by declaring that there had been a lot of copper tools left there centuries before, and that the work had been done by ancients, and it had been done so long ago that the action of the air had destroyed the copper. By cleaning the dust away we could see the shape of some of the tools that they used for drilling. We were certain, for there were the drill-holes. They were about two inches in diameter, and I found, with the shovel handle, that they were about three feet deep, and put in too strong for any explosives we use in mining at the present-day.

"Our candles were getting short, so we thought we would be getting out. Back about one hundred feet from the face of the drift we came to a raise and found there was a draft, which indicated that the raise went to the surface or connected with the crevice and was the cause of the good air. Well, we got back to the entrance just as our candles played out. The rain was pouring down. We stopped just inside out of the rain to look at our samples, when we heard a terrible roar up the gulch, and at a glance saw the cause.

"A cloud had burst up in the mountains and there was a mass of water, rock, timber and soil coming down. The side of the mountain above us was too steep to climb, and the only thing to do was to try and get out of the mouth of the gulch. It didn't take us many seconds to come to that conclusion. We had about four hundred yards the start of the landslide, and we had about the same distance to run. I don't remember noticing any of the down timber we had trouble in getting through in the morning; fear lent us wings, and we jumped obstructions which at any other time we could not have climbed over. Our horses became terrified at the noise and pulled their picket pins, and that is the last we have seen of them. Our camp was right in the mouth of the gulch, and is now buried under fifty feet of slide; and, for a mile up, the gulch is filled from fifty to one hundred feet deep.

"We staid around the next day trying to see if we could find where that raise that the current of air went up came to the surface, but the mountainside is covered with slide rock, and we could find no sign of the vein. Jim had a fish-line and a couple of hooks in his pocket, and we lived for five days on fish and fool-hens. We will go back as soon as we get another grub-stake. There is a big thing there, and we will find it yet. There are two feet of quartz a thousand feet long, already opened up. And we'd like to know who the people are that did the work?"



A Few Dakota Statistics.

Official statements show that North Dakota's grain acreage last year was as follows: Wheat, 3,588,784; oats, 634,279; barley, 222,326; flax, 227,902; rye, 37,478; corn, 39,900.

The live-stock census of the State for the same period gives a total of 217,263 horses, 3,865 mules, 270,193 head of cattle, 297,271 sheep, and 88,150 hogs.

Good Crops Solve the Mortgage Problem.

In Latah County, Idaho, mortgages amounting to \$150,000 were discharged during the six months ending January 1. During January \$50,000 of mortgages were paid off, and it is estimated that the year closing next July will show a reduction of \$250,000 to \$300,000 in mortgage indebtedness. Throughout the agricultural districts of the entire inland empire, the reduction of indebtedness on farms has been of proportionate character, indicating a prosperous condition of affairs.—*Tacoma (Wash.) West Coast Trade.*

Irrigation in Montana.

Surveys have been begun, under direction of the State arid-land commission of Montana, for the great Billings Canal. As projected, this canal will be about forty-five miles long, and during its progress a big cliff just north of the town of Billings will be tunneled a distance of 2,000 feet. Through the agency of the proposed canal, many thousand acres in the Yellowstone Valley, now suitable for grazing purposes only, will be reclaimed to agriculture. The waters of the Yellowstone River, thus utilized, will help to produce millions of bushels of choice cereals for the waiting markets of the world, and again prove that man is monarch of the soil.

No Land Like the Northwest.

The per capita income of every man, woman and child in Washington, North Dakota, Montana, South Dakota and Minnesota from one year's output of grain, live stock, fruit and minerals, is so notoriously large that no Northwestern farmer of sound mind would entertain for a moment the thought of leaving such States for the much lauded but far less productive regions of the South. There is more good health and money in raising Northern live stock and grain, and in making butter and cheese, than there is or ever will be in the cotton-fields and uncertain fruit orchards of the sunny but enervating and deceptive South.

Where Farmers "Roll in Wealth."

A writer from Davenport, Lincoln County, Washington, says that that county is "rolling in wealth." The wheat crop there last year amounted to 6,500,000 bushels and brought the farmers about \$4,500,000. Live stock, fruit, poultry, minerals, etc., brought into the country about \$1,500,000 more—a total of \$6,000,000, or nearly \$3,500 for each man, woman and child in the county. The writer thinks it hardly probable that this result can be equaled anywhere else in the Union. The county had some 350,000 acres under cultivation. Of this, 250,000 acres yielded an average of twenty-nine bushels

per acre. One 160-acre farm near Davenport produced 8,400 bushels of wheat, an average of fifty-two and one-half bushels per acre for the entire tract. Davenport is about forty miles west of Spokane, in what is known as the Big Bend Country.

Tells About Lewiston Valley.

A very attractive pamphlet is now being sent out by the Lewiston Water and Power Company of Lewiston, Idaho, and Concord, Wash. Its twenty-six illustrated pages tell all about the far-famed Lewiston Valley—its climate, rich capabilities, present resources and future prospects. It is here, in Southeastern Washington, just across from Idaho, that Vineland is located, the home of so many thrifty and happy settlers. The pamphlet describes the vegetables and the field crops raised in that section, and pictures forth samples of the magnificent fruits that are grown there. Mining, stock-growing, agriculture, horticulture, all are talked plainly of in this little booklet. It has a word on the subject of irrigation, too, and gives good reasons why those in search of fertile lands and contented homes should cast their lot in Lewiston Valley. Doubtless the company named would take pleasure in sending a copy of the pamphlet to all who care to apply for one.

A Year of Prosperity at Home.

Millions of money have been poured into the Northwest this winter in payment for wheat, probably fifty million of dollars to the farmers of the three States, based on the farm price. Besides wheat they have sold oats, flax, corn, barley, rye, potatoes, and live stock.

The reports from the country are very flattering as to money conditions. The banks claim to hold a surplus of money that cannot be loaned because of a lack of demand. Country bankers in many sections feel that the outlook is quite discouraging in their line. Mortgages have been paid in many instances, and in large sections the bank accounts of farmers have been added to in a very large way.

The result of this prosperity should be good times in the Northwest. There is no indication now that crops will not bring good prices for at least another season. There is admitted shortage the world over, and it is working to the benefit of our farmers because we have the produce to sell. The farmers of other countries have been less fortunate. With us it will be a year of prosperity at home.—*Minneapolis Commercial Bulletin.*

Prosperity Among Minnesota Dairymen.

In commenting on the wonderful prosperity among farmers in the dairy sections of Minnesota, the St. Paul *Globe* speaks as follows:

"Twenty-five years ago, farmers in Freeborn County fled from their farms before the incursions of the Rocky Mountain locusts. Ten years later many left for the Dakotas because 'wheat is played out' and there was nothing left to do but move to fresh land. Today the local papers are printing the reports of creamery associations which amply attest the fact that farming does pay when intelligently conducted. From the report of one of them, the Glenville Association, for 1897, we find that it received from its patrons 8,465,007 pounds of milk, from which it made 366,731 pounds of butter, marketed for \$60,748.34. Of this it distributed to patrons \$57,178.19, put \$2,903.43 into the sinking fund, and used the remainder in expenses. The average monthly price of butter sold was 18 11-12 cents a pound, and the cost of making it was 2.3 cents a pound, including .8 cent a pound put into the sinking fund. This amounted on Dec. 31, 1897, to \$3,717, out of which was paid \$2,715 for repairs

and improvements, and a dividend of 15 per cent on the \$4,000 of capital stock.

"These farmers got about seventy cents per 100 pounds for milk. The report of the Moscow creamery shows about the same conditions. From it the additional items are gleaned that it required 22.46 pounds of milk to make a pound of butter, or 4.45 pounds of butter were obtained from 100 pounds of milk, the average test being 3.92 per cent of butter fat. The average price received by the patrons was 16.62 cents a pound gross, or 14.44 after deduction for the sinking-fund. It is a far cry from the ravaged wheat-fields of 1873 to the meadows and pastures, the herds and dairies of 1897; from the poverty and distress of the one to the prosperity of the other. And the cow did it."

Unexcelled Prospects for North Dakota.

It is safe to say that the farmers of the State of North Dakota are in better shape than they have been in many years, and the business of the calamity howler is just at present an unprofitable one, says the Bismarck (N. D.) *Tribune*. Reports from many of the counties show that thousands of dollars of recorded indebtedness has been paid, mortgages canceled, individual debts liquidated, and the payment of large annual sums of interest stopped. Hardly a county in the State but reports the cancellation of many thousands of dollars of mortgages, in excess of the new mortgages recorded. Machinery men report collections better than for many years—since the first years of bonanza farming. The aggregate farm debts of the State that have been wiped out would be impossible to state accurately, but it will reach, perhaps, millions of dollars. One county alone reports mortgages to the extent of \$200,000, all canceled. And not this alone; the fair crop of the past year, at good prices, has left the farmers of the State, in nearly all instances, with a comfortable little surplus after paying their debts.

The payment of taxes this year has been prompt, and in many cases nearly all of the real tax has been collected before the attaching of the penalty on the first of the year. The operation of the Wood Bill has served to enable many counties to clean up large amounts of delinquent taxes, with the result that there is cash in the treasuries to redeem all outstanding warrants, and put payments on a cash basis again.

The wonderful elasticity of the resources of the State is evidenced by the great results that have come from just one year's good crop and fair prices. And it must be remembered in this connection that the resources of the State are no longer to be summarized in one cereal—wheat. Live stock has become a valuable source of revenue, and the shipments from the State the past year were heavier than ever before. The price of wool has advanced, and sheep have again become a profitable holding. The dairying industry has taken advanced strides, and will in a few years become one of the most profitable in the commonwealth. In short, the State of North Dakota begins the new year with prospects which are unexcelled by those of any State in the Union.

Some Figures from Six Creameries.

From the annual meetings of six—only six—co-operative creameries in Freeborn County, Minn., it is shown that the receipts of milk for the year past were as follows:

Hayward, 2,387,407 pounds; Clark's Grove, 6,093,520; Geneva Village, 3,850,130; Riceland, 4,840,710; Alden, 6,858,206; Albert Lea, 5,526,940—a total of 29,552,931 pounds of milk from these six creameries. Butter was manufactured from this milk as follows: Albert Lea, 240,818

pounds; Hayward, 92,730; Clark's Grove, 278,700; Geneva Village, 171,531; Riceland, 213,112; Alden, 300,435, a total of 1,297,327 pounds, besides a large amount of cream sold.

The gross receipts of these creameries were as follows: Albert Lea \$42,050, Hayward \$17,026.19, Clark's Grove \$46,747, Geneva Village \$28,920, Riceland \$35,357 and Alden \$50,181, a grand total of \$220,284. The expenses are not heavy, and it is safe to say that the patrons of these creameries received in cash \$200,000, besides the skim-milk and buttermilk for feeding. The other creameries are not so large as these, but they will all make as good a showing.

While the county of Freeborn is especially favored in the creamery line, other portions of the State where creameries are operated are equally prosperous, and there is no reason why similar prosperity should not follow the introduction of this industry in Northern Minnesota and in North Dakota. Butter manufacturing and cheese-making put cash into the hands of farmers, stimulate stock-raising, and do more than anything else to prevent an overcrowding of the grain markets of the world. What Southern Minnesota is doing can be done elsewhere.

A State of Many Resources.

According to the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer's* recent review, Washington's 1897 wheat crop of 19,000,000 bushels yielded, at sixty-five

about 700,000,000 feet of lumber during 1897, worth \$6,500,000, as compared with 1,000,178,000 feet in 1896; and her 200 or more shingle-mills cut about 3,000,000,000 shingles, marketable at \$4,200,000, as compared with 2,600,000,000 shingles in 1896.

Commenting on these figures, the Whatcom (Wash.) *Blade* says that probably no other State in the Union has made such wonderful industrial progress during the past five years of depression. It is certainly a remarkable showing for so young a State, a showing that is in marked contrast with the limited productions of many broad sections in the older Eastern States, where labor toils without adequate reward.

As Seen by Minnesota Eyes.

Among Minnesotans who have recently made extended trips throughout the Northwestern States is Mr. C. H. Furman, a member of the firm of Chalupsky & Furman at Beroun. Mr. Furman went over the Northern Pacific to Spokane, Tacoma, North Yakima, Zillah, etc., visiting Yakima Valley, Natches Valley, Cowiche Valley and other famous agricultural and horticultural districts in Washington. Although his trip was undertaken during the winter season, he was greatly pleased with it and returned full of admiration for Washington's wealth of resources and rapid development. The fruit farms, wheat fields and hop

so great a diversity of resources, the development of which is so rapid and profitable, that, like Mr. Furman, they look upon the country and its products with honest surprise. Yet Washington and its sister States are in their infancy. If their present state of development is astonishing to Eastern people, what may not be expected of them twenty-five years hence?

A Strange Condition in Idaho.

A strange condition of affairs exists in Idaho, says the Spokane (Wash.) *Chronicle*. When a State is so prosperous that its young men will not go to college, it's time to divide luck with some other place that needs it; but that's the way affairs are now reported in Idaho.

President F. B. Gault, of the Idaho State University, is the educator who reports this unique experience.

"Yes, the university is prospering," he said in reply to the reporter's questions, but the increase is not so great as many folks thought it would be this year."

"Why not? Isn't the State prosperous?"

"Prosperous? Why, the change that has been made by one year of good wheat crops and fair prices is simply marvelous. Farmers who were in despair have paid off their mortgages, cleared away back debts, and have money in the banks. But right there comes the queer feature of the case. The big wheat crops have made so many openings for enterprise that the young men



A PRAIRIE GOOD-BYE.

cents per bushel, \$12,350,000 as compared with 8,000,000 bushels in 1896 at fifty cents, yielding \$4,000,000. The hop crop is estimated at 34,029 200-pound bales, valued at \$680,580. State Fruit Commissioner J. E. Baker estimates the 1897 fruit crop as worth \$6,000,000—\$5,250,000 of it money coming into the State. The total dairy products for the year aggregate \$855,059. The Puget Sound salmon-pack in 1897 was 490,077 cases valued at \$2,060,350, over half of which were packed by the seven Whatcom County canneries. Washington flour-mills exported 422,682 barrels of flour during 1897, the capacity of the mills of the State being between 6,000,000 and 10,000,000 bushels. In 1897 the coal mines of the State produced 1,625,224 tons, an increase of 250,000 tons over 1896, employing 3,698 men, 200 to 250 more than in 1896. Washington also produced \$2,500,000 of gold and silver during 1897, and she has but barely started in that direction. Her cattle are assessed at \$3,282,324, sheep at \$624,504, hogs at \$152,137, horses, mules and other domestic animals at \$2,613,516.

It is estimated (the lowest estimate) that the standing timber in the State of Washington aggregates 282,000,000,000 feet, as follows: Fir 250,000,000,000 feet, cedar 15,000,000,000 feet, hemlock 9,000,000,000 feet, and spruce 8,000,000,000 feet. Washington's 250 saw-mills cut

yards surprised him. "It is simply a wonderful country," he says. All the way down the Yakima Valley to Zillah he saw fruit orchards, alfalfa fields and other evidences of a perfect climate, rich soil and intelligent husbandry. He says that six to eleven tons of alfalfa are raised per acre, and that thirty to forty tons of carrots can be grown on the same area.

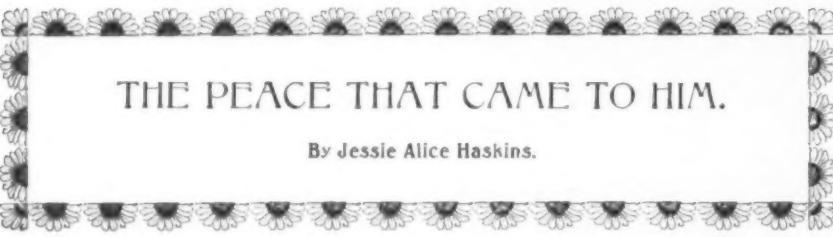
"You have a good deal to say of the Northwest in your magazine," he remarked, "but you have never told an untruth about it. All you say is more than substantiated by a personal visit. I used to read some statements with a bit of doubt in my mind, but now I am prepared to believe the biggest statement you can make. I have seen common reservation land along the Northern Pacific Railway that produced sixty-two bushels of wheat per acre last year; I have seen apples and other fruit that made me wonder; I have looked upon prodigious growths of timber and the rapidly developing lumber interests, and I tell you Washington is a great State. It has some very progressive cities, a good many growing towns, and a whole lot of the best people in the world."

Similar opinions are voiced by all who get away from business long enough to visit the Coast States. They find a class of people and a rate of progress which command both their respect and their admiration. They find

are tempted to stay out of college. They see chances all around them to make money; and it is hard to turn aside from these opportunities and come back to the school-room. They have gone into stores, have taken up farms, and have secured mining claims. In a State having such wonderful resources as Idaho—such a remarkable variety—there is an occupation to fit almost every kind of talent or taste, and this fact accounts for the reason that so many of our young men are not in the universities or colleges, though they know that they should be.

"And yet it is in this very country that men of college education and scientific training are most needed. The problems that are arising in the development of this great Northwest call for the best skilled talent of the nation, and will give it the best reward. Speaking, not for one district or for one State, but for all, I know of no other place in the world that offers such inducements to young men of brains and industry as the Northwest can give; nor do I know of any place where a college education will pay bigger dividends than it will pay here."

It might be well to state that in spite of the conditions President Gault describes, the attendance in the collegiate classes of the University of Idaho shows an increase of about thirty-three per cent over last year.



THE PEACE THAT CAME TO HIM.

By Jessie Alice Haskins.

A man, barely twenty-one, sat in the corridor of a Western jail, and a smooth-faced, keen-eyed reporter was trying to interview him. A week before a small, but suspiciously heavy, box had come down on the stage from Connelly marked "Mining Specimens" and shipped to "John Crandall." The express agent examined it carefully, and then made a wager with the stage driver that it was opium; later he discovered, to his astonishment, that it did contain well-packed cans of that article, unmarked by the Government seal.

And now the reporter was trying to interview John Crandall, who sat with a white, drawn face, his chin resting on his breast, his dark eyes on the grimy floor, giving no more attention to the little reporter than to one of the flies that crawled lazily along the grated window near.

The reporter turned away in disgust; he did not like to be beaten, but he could not question the wall. A woman among the prisoners threw down her cards and begged some cigarettes of him, as he passed out. Another woman, insane, who was waiting to be taken away to the asylum, got up from a cot and pleaded to be taken home to her children:

"The neighbors put me here," she wailed, "but the children need me."

The opium smuggler shivered slightly at the woman's voice.

"Pretty tough lot," said the reporter, when he was finally out in the jailor's office.

"Yes; pretty bad. Make anything of your man?"

"Not much," the reporter replied, cautiously. "Rather bad man, I should think."

"Well, you can't tell," answered the official in a non-committal way. "He has a peculiar ring; I took it to keep for him." And, opening a drawer, the jailor produced a seal ring upon which was the motto—"Proprio Marte."

"Odd," commented the reporter, making a note of the motto.

The next day his paper said there was no doubt that the opium smuggler was a well-known criminal from San Francisco, who had lived under several aliases.

In the meantime, the only thought that the man in the jail was able to cling to, was to conceal his real name and keep his disgrace from his mother. Scarcely a year before he had come out to Washington while he was in his junior year in a Western college. He was a Western boy, but with all the traditions of a family that had once possessed wealth and position in an Eastern home. His father had died when he was a child, and his little mother had made heroic efforts to educate her boy.

Poor health, however, had compelled him to leave school, and he had come out to Washington to recuperate and to preempt some land. Late in the spring he was taken sick with fever, and an old prospector had found him delirious and had nursed him back to convalescence. Before he could lift his head from the pillow, cheering news of the "boom" came to him, and he lay and listened to the sound of hammers in the wooden metropolis that had sprung up adjoining his claim. Then, just as he could creep to the door of the shack he had an offer for the

place, and as soon as it was sold he started for home.

He had gone over to the Sound Cities, intending to go up to Victoria and home by the Canadian Pacific. While at Tacoma he spent more money than he had purposed—part of it for a seal ring, with his family motto on it, which he looked at with a good deal of complacency; and so it happened that when his first check was drawn on the bank at Yakima he was suddenly seized with a panic, the amount of money he had left seemed so insignificant. It would barely take him through the rest of his college course, and then the struggle would commence again.

At that time the country was rife with speculation; people talked incessantly of doubling their money.

If he could only double his money he would be all right!

By and by he heard men talking on the boat of how you could buy opium for a few dollars a pound in Victoria, and by taking it down to San Francisco sell it for twenty dollars a pound. Alas for human frailty! One evening, still weak in mind and body from his long illness, from which he had scarcely recovered, and hardly knowing what he did, he entered an opium factory in Victoria. When he came out he was the owner of one hundred of those little pound cans of opium.

John Curtis never had a very distinct idea of his trip back on the Canadian Pacific to Kamloops.

One day a haggard-faced prospector, with two tired cayuses, rode into a mining town in one of the northern counties of Washington. Here he had sold his pack-pony and sent his box on by express. It had been easy crossing the line; not so much as a deer was to be seen in the pine woods. And this was the end—the dark corridors of a jail!

Curtis had sent for a lawyer, who told him that his case was hopeless; so all his energy was put forth in an attempt to conceal his identity. His fever returned to plague him during his first night in jail, and he was pitifully weak when, a few days afterward, his trial came off.

He pleaded guilty, and the judge sentenced "John Crandall" to two years in the penitentiary.

Twenty-four months later a man was discharged from the prison on McNeil's Island. That night a man pawned his watch in Seattle and bought a ticket for as far over the mountains as his money would carry him. It was Jack Curtis, trying to get back to Yakima, where his precious money was deposited.

He did not dare use his own name yet, and if he had drawn a check it would have been refused, for "Jack Curtis" had not been heard of since that night two years before in Victoria.

His ticket took him to a little town up in the mountains. Then he got on a freight-train, but was discovered and put off in the rain and sleet. The second time, fate favored him. Unseen in the darkness, he crept into an empty car and lay down on the bare boards in his

frozen clothes. There he fell asleep. When he awoke it was morning, and he was nearing his destination.

At the first slackening of the train he dropped down from the car and, by unfrequented streets, entered the town. It seemed an interminable waiting for the bank to open, but at last he had the precious dollars.

As he turned to pass out, a man stood in the broad entrance-way, note-book in hand. Jack's stained and muddy garments brushed him as he passed. He thought he had seen that shrewd face before, and suddenly the corridor of the jail came back to him.

The reporter, however, had not noticed the shabby, hurrying figure.

Curtis did not go down to the "Emporium Furnishing House," two years at McNeil's Island make a man diffident, even if he has honestly paid his debt to society; besides, he knew a clerk at the "Emporium." So he went down to a small out-of-the-way store.

When he came out, with a great bundle and a new valise, he cast a quick glance up and down the street; the thought of that reporter haunted him. Two policemen, standing on the corner, saw him and saw the glance.

One of them said: "Hobo; saw him jump off the train this morning. Old Isaac's asleep, I guess." And he moved steadily up toward Jack.

Just then a stout man, driving a big, plumping horse to a sulky, reined the horse up fairly on to the sidewalk and shouted:

"Hello, there, Jack Curtis! Don't you know your old friends? Knew you the moment I saw you come down the steps of the bank. The deuce, man, but you look tough!"

"You would too," responded Jack, grasping the great hand stretched out to him, "if you had been prospecting up in the mountains."

Both the policemen moved away, while Jack went off in a rage with the colonel, quite unconscious of what he owed him.

Finally the colonel left him, and Jack slipped up to his room. When he came down, valise in hand, it was dark and nearly train-time; but the night clerk had recognized him and followed him out from the empty office to see him off. Just then a man came down the hall lighting a cigar.

"Hello! here's Kyle, of the *Mundane Sphere*. Going East, Kyle?"

"No; just down to the train to meet a friend."

"That so? Mr. Curtis, here, is just going down, too."

And in an instant Jack found himself walking down the street with the man who had interviewed him two years before. But his spirits rose with every step. The reporter would soon be left, and he was safe in the darkness. He kept well away from the lighted ticket-room, and in a moment the train bore down upon them with a long shriek. The deep-toned calls of the trainmen, the ringing of the bell in the darkness, was all like old and forgotten music to Jack. Even the obsequiousness of the colored porters has a charm for a man just out of prison.

As the train drew away from the depot, he saw the reporter standing in the flaring light, shaking his friend's hand. Jack paused on the swaying platform; something seemed to snap in his brain. He appeared to be choking. He grasped at his collar, as for air, and then he leaned forward and shook his clenched fist at the blurred form under the lights—cursing him with a bitterness which appalled him when he came to his senses. A rush of other feelings came over him, however, and he took off his hat and let the cool night wind sweep over his face as the train rushed and swayed on and on, farther and farther from the little city to the broad, rolling prairie which stretched

miles and miles away beneath God's stars. Oh, it was good to be free! He took in great draughts of air.

The two terrible years that were past, filled with wrong and disgrace, were blotted out and atoned for; before him was his mother's face, and home; and there in the darkness he prayed.

Just at dusk, when the lamps were being lighted and the early winter fires were leaping and shining out a welcome, Jack Curtis hurried up the familiar streets of the town where he was born.

There was one gable, among all that were outlined against the winter sunset, which his eyes sought eagerly. He turned the corner with a great bound like a boy; his heart beat fast, expecting to see his mother's face at the window, just as she had greeted his homecoming ever since childhood. Suddenly he stopped and clung to the brown fence, bewildered. This was a strange house that he saw, silent and empty. The lilacs beat against the windows mournfully; piles of dry leaves scurried about the porch floor. He had never seen this house before. Every line of the old home seemed to repudiate the man standing there in the darkness.

His mother had moved away, he told himself, and he went up to the neighboring house to inquire. A stranger came to the door.

"The Mrs. Curtis who used to live next door?" Jack questioned.

"She died two years ago," was the reply. "They found her dead at the window, waiting for her son, whom she was expecting home. But he's never been heard from."

The woman kept on volubly, peering out at him curiously.

Curtis turned abruptly away. He went past the old house—out of sight of it forever, without one glance; but in his heart he felt just how the light had shone over the lawn on other nights, and how, in the soft-curtained window, there had been a sweet, gentle face looking out, watching for him.

"Dead? His mother dead?" His brain could not grasp it. All the past seemed suddenly blotted out, all the future a blank; there could be no life without her.

Death had never touched his life before, and the awful immutability of it numbed him. Mechanically he went up to the little cemetery, where he had played when a child, while his mother tended the flowers on his father's grave. "Only to see her for one moment, only to speak to her one word," was the cry of his soul.

He lay there in the dead grass until late in the night, when, finally, exhaustion brought him quiet.

* * *

Three years of hard work went by. John Curtis was counted one of the bright young lawyers of the city. One day, when there was an important case on hand, Jack sat waiting impatiently at a restaurant table, with a preoccupied scowl on his face, when all at once he found himself staring into the blue eyes of a young girl at a table opposite him, and became aware that he knew those eyes. Their owner was a little girl whom he had often taken to school on his sled when a boy; so he went over and shook hands with her, though with some trepidation, because she had grown to be a very stylish young lady now. It all seemed quite like magic when he was seated at the table with her and they were talking of old times. She had graduated from his college, she told him proudly, and was now in the city studying art at the new art institute. And then she added another interesting piece of information, to the effect that she was boarding with an old classmate of his. Altogether, it was the most

delightful little lunch Jack had ever participated in.

Such a winter as followed! However, as time went on poor Jack was often not far from despair; those two years at McNeil's Island kept haunting him. He had determined to tell Dorothy the whole story. But, would any woman marry a man who had spent two years in prison? That was the ugly question that faced him. His reason said "No;" but in his heart he felt that she would, for love weighs love accurately.

In June Dorothy went down to their college for commencement, and Jack followed her. The place was at its best. The long, quiet streets with the maples meeting overhead, where the orioles sing and nest; the soft, green lawns with their wealth of June roses—all breathed of peace and quiet.

One night, down by the river walk, Jack told Dorothy that he loved her; and then, almost in a breath and without pausing, he told her what those two years in the West held.

As he spoke, Jack drew himself a little away from Dorothy, and he flung out the story proudly, almost cruelly; but under it all was shame and self-contempt lashing him on. He had never put the story into words before; there had been no mother to tell it to when he

returned, and now it seemed as if every echo on the campus was taking it up and flinging it back from hall to hall.

Ere he had spoken three words, all hope of marrying Dorothy died out of his heart, and when he finished, half-mad, he turned and stumbled away across the campus.

He had not gone many steps before there was a soft scurrying of flying feet, a sound of a woman's dress, and Dorothy, in her white, clinging gown, was beside him and two soft, white hands were about his neck.

So they were married, and a bit of heaven seemed to have come down to Jack and established itself in a cottage in the city's suburb.

Then came an opportunity to go West. It seemed a great opening, but Jack shrank from it. The little cottage was full of peace; the idea of the West was hateful to him. Dorothy, however, thought that riches and honors were for his taking out by the Pacific. There was nothing, in her eyes, that he could not achieve; and, as Jack's ambition needed little spurring, they went to the Coast.

Little ladies, like Dorothy, deep in art and fresh from schools, are in demand in new Western towns, and ambitious young fellows like Jack soon make their impress. Life was much more pretentious than in their old home. Their



"In an instant she was at the bedside, with her arms around Jack's neck; and he, coming to his senses, tried to put a gleaming bit of steel out of sight."

anxieties were greater, also, and life less natural; but it was all vastly better, both were sure.

Jack gradually drifted more and more into politics—against his better judgment, for he knew that there was danger in it. But no thought of danger came to Dorothy; Jack was Jack to her, and that sad story she had quite blotted out of her memory.

After a time Jack himself became so engrossed in the new life that the old lay behind him forgotten; although, when he had been a year in his new home, he was startled by discovering that his old acquaintance, the reporter of the jail, had come to the city. Nevertheless, after Jack had met him several times, he lost all sense of uneasiness concerning him.

One day at Christmas-time Dorothy stood in a jewelry store making her last purchase for the holidays. It was a silver match-safe for Jack, and on it was engraved a motto in Old English script. Dorothy, in her heart, was proud of the motto of her husband's family, and she liked to have it engraved on certain articles of value. There was a great deal more of hunting up and parading one's ancestors in the "Sound City" than had ever been dreamed of in the plain Ohio village where they were born, and Dorothy was rapidly becoming a very aristocratic matron, with quite English ideas. So she smiled a little as a number of friends exclaimed over her purchase.

Among those who stood near, waiting for portly Mrs. Blodgett to finish her bargaining, was Jack's reporter friend, now the editor of the *Budget*. Kyle turned from contemplating Mrs. Blodgett's diamonds to Dorothy's purchase, as the clerk laid it in its case.

"Pretty," said the clerk, holding it up, proud of his workmanship.

"*Proprio Marte*," said the reporter, thoughtfully; then a quick look flashed in his keen gray eyes as he glanced toward Dorothy.

With the spring, new hopes came to them. Dorothy relinquished her ambitious desires for Jack's political future; it seemed best to her to have him at home. She had hunted up one or two old Ohio friends, old ladies who had known her mother and who, not the least "English," cared nothing for the new order of things, and Dorothy was growing convinced that fashion and position were not the whole of life. Notwithstanding this, however, Jack himself was becoming more absorbed in politics than ever. He was very strong in his party, was sure of the nomination in the summer, and—

In the spring, also, the editor of the *Budget* gave himself an outing and went up to McNeil's Island.

The day before the convention there was a tiny baby face pressed close to Dorothy's, and politics were forgotten. At night Jack came home flushed and eager, so much so that Dorothy looked a little wistful, and once or twice there were tears in her blue eyes. Politics certainly were rather common, she thought; a man had to revel in a vast quantity of tobacco before he could be numbered among the immortals.

Then she looked down on little Jack's shining white head, and thought of the path of honor and ease that lay before him—with a father in the Senate, perhaps, honored and influential. Was she, after all, a selfish woman?

At last the convention was held, and Curtis received the nomination. There had been a furious fight, however, and an undoubted split in the party, although Jack's friends said he was sure to be elected.

Following the convention came a brief period of rest. The worn-out politician stayed at home a few days, and all the old-time happy

smiles and quiet contentment came back with redoubled force and kindly influence. The first morning he had brought Dorothy down-stairs, and made her comfortable on a couch, he did not seem able to tear himself away from the pretty room, but came back from the door twice, and kissed her as she lay there. Dorothy had insisted on his lifting the baby out of his little silken basket, and had him sleeping on her arm while she touched, in musing wonder, each tiny finger.

At last Jack was gone, closing the door reluctantly and turning to wave his hand at the gate. He turned again as he caught the car, and then she saw him take a paper from a newsboy as the car disappeared.

The house was still. The servant girl was gossiping with a neighboring maid. Out on the lawn in front of the house a robin hopped about with a wise air, looking for food.

The newsboy came down the street calling his papers and flinging the damp sheet to his regular patrons' doors. Dorothy saw a woman across the street come out and call the lad, and several of the family crowded to the door. Dorothy had never liked those people.

Finally a paper fell on her own porch. The boy's shrill call sounded under the window:

"*Morning Budget!* All about John Curtis, the ex—"

The rumble of a wagon drowned the boy's voice.

Dorothy had heard the name, but the thought that came to her mind was that Jack was at last receiving his due honors for some speech or deed. She could not wait for the servant to come in; she must get the paper at once. With trembling hands she lifted the baby in her arms and laid him in his dainty basket. Softly she drew her white fingers from beneath the little head as it sunk on the pillow, and, after hovering over it a moment, tossed a shawl about her and crept to the door.

The first breath of air from the outside world seemed pleasant. She breathed it with joyous expectancy. Then, picking up the damp paper, she went tremblingly back, untwisting it in her eager fingers.

For months afterward, the damp odor of new print brought that moment back to her. Her happy eyes sought the first page. The great head-lines seemed to shout at her:

"JOHN CURTIS AN EX-CONVICT—
HIS PAST LIFE UNMASKED!"

The blood rushed to her brain; the room seemed to reel; the sunlight died out. She crouched on the couch, with her white hands clinging to the paper and her wild eyes staring unconsciously at the terrible head-lines; then, with a short, gasping sob, she buried her face in her shawl, as if to shut out the world.

The robin trilled away out on the lawn, the clock ticked off the minutes loudly, and the little child slept all unaware of the misery so near him. Suddenly the clang of the gate broke the silence; there was a quick step on the porch, and the hall door opened.

Dorothy raised herself. With shaking hands she caught back her hair and arranged her dress, so that Jack should not know how she suffered. But Jack went straight past the door, and his step sounded on the stairs. She tried to call him, but her lips refused to move. Great hot tears ran down her pale face, and her whole form bent and shivered as with an ague; yet she made no sound.

Jack touched the top stair; she heard him cross to their room, and then the quick turning of the bolt in the lock.

A wild look of apprehension flashed in Dorothy's eyes—her love gave her second sight; as plainly as if he stood before her, she saw Jack cross the room to the little drawer in the

dresser. Breaking the spell that held her, she sprang from the couch, jostling the baby's cradle, and ran up the stairway.

"Let me in, Jack! Open the door," she pleaded, beating against it with her thin hands.

She spoke to deaf ears. The hall was full of the fumes of liquor. Turning helplessly, she cried, "Oh, for strength to beat down that door!"

Just below her in the hallway hung a Hudson's Bay musket on some antlers; Jack had put them up there one night, and she was quite proud of the effect. Now her soft hands seized the old gun, and, rushing up the stairs, she battered at the door with all her desperate strength.

Crash! There was a splitting of pine timbers, and the door gave way. In an instant she was at the bedside, with her arms around Jack's neck; and he, coming to his senses, tried to put a gleaming bit of steel out of sight.

Somehow, in the confusion, the weapon was discharged. There was a little bullet-hole through the long, loose sleeve of Dorothy's gown, a clean-cut hole through the oak head-board, and a scattering of white plaster over them; but Dorothy lay still, unharmed in her husband's arms.

There was an awful silence in the room. Jack knew, by Dorothy's face, that she was praying. As for himself, the fearful deed he had been saved from filled him with a nameless horror, though the revelation of his wife's great love rested like a benediction on his harassed soul. If God had given him such love—if God had saved him from such a sin, what problem of life could he not grapple with?

At last when Dorothy, smiling through her tears, permitted him to unclasp her arms, he went down-stairs and brought up little Jack and laid him beside her. All the long summer day he sat and watched them, with an ever growing and ever deepening peace in his heart. It was all over, and he was glad. Down town the boys might call his name and cry his sin from street to street, and men might pity or exult, as friendship or malice should prompt. The *Budget* might boast its "scoop," and the editor rest satisfied with his deadly influence; but John Curtis in that hour had found a rock of strength in his wife's love that he would rest on all his days. It seemed to him, that summer afternoon, as if he were set apart from other men—in this kingdom he had entered into so late and by so terrible a path. He knew now, that, whatever the future might bring, with Dorothy there would be happiness, and he would walk the softer all his life for this love that God had given him.

THE VISION SWEET.

Ah, me! when I recall that vision sweet,
More beauteous far that softly blooming rose
Turning the glorious morning sun to greet,
Glist'ning with dew-drops, fairest flower that grows;
Or spotless lily, more divinely chaste;
Like angel visitant from worlds of light,
Waft in a fleecy cloud; thy course well traced
By deeds of love and fast-dispelling night;

Ah, me! when I recall that vision sweet—
Those soul-lit eyes, whose glance of love
Caused me to tremble, this poor heart to beat
In quicker unison with things above;
Those tender lips, whose ev'ry accent fell
Like sweetest angel music on my ear,
Which bade me hope and caused my soul to dwell
In blissful ecstasy when thou wert near;

Ah, me! when I recall that vision sweet—
E'en though the setting sun hath ceased to glow,
And silently the night from its retreat
Casts its dark canopy o'er all below—
A sense of thee, in all thy beauty drest,
Comes as a ray of light at waking dawn,
And darkness disappears; sweet peace and rest
Steal o'er my soul, though shadows linger on.
Rossland, B. C.

JOSEPH J. HENRY.



WINTER WOODS.

The wild rose died; and here today
The ghosts of the departed stray,
And on the bushes, brown and sear,
Glisten many a friendly tear.

The columbine and blue-bell rest
Beneath the drifting snow-bank's crest,
And, sweeping through the branches bare,
Roars the North Wind with shout and blare.

CLIFFORD TREMBLY.

St. Paul, Minn.

Raising Pile on Velvet.

Here is how to raise the pile on velvet that has been crushed: Cover a hot iron, held upside down, with a damp cloth. Lay the velvet on the cloth, velvet side up, and gently beat the crushed part with a cloth-brush. If this is not sufficient, the velvet may be rubbed very gently with a cloth dipped in oil, and the beating be repeated. The velvet must then be hung up to dry, and should not be touched again until it is perfectly dry.

Our Likes and Dislikes.

A woman was heard to make the assertion the other day, says a writer in the *Times* of Philadelphia, that "in nine cases out of ten we like people because they like us, or dislike them because they have failed to appreciate us." It is something of an admission to make, and yet to a certain extent it is true. We cannot help being influenced in our opinions of others by their evident opinions of us, for the person who is interested in what we say, who defers to us and enjoys our society, naturally appears to us in a favorable light. On the other hand, the man or woman who never notices us, who takes no pains to conceal his or her indifference or dislike, need not expect to receive our hearty good will and esteem. It shows a touch of self-conceit on our part, and yet it is human nature.

Sometimes, however, we misjudge others by this feeling. We take unreasonable prejudices against people, and perhaps by our very actions cause them to dislike us, and then blame them for it. It is decidedly egotistical to find a reason for disliking a person in the fact that he or she does not properly recognize our virtues. But it is an almost unavoidable failing, and the best we can do is to allow it as little room as possible for growth.

Eggs as a Daily Diet.

"Eggs, like milk, contain in proper proportion all the elements needed to support life," writes Mrs. S. T. Roren on "The Cooking of Eggs," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "Being highly concentrated, however, they lack the bulk necessary to keep the excretory organs in perfect condition. Serve with them, then, such food as bread, rice or cereals, but do not serve eggs in any way at the same meal with beef, mutton or fowl. Pork, such as bacon, may, in winter, be served with eggs. While one pound of eggs is equal in nourishment to one pound of beef, the latter would be borne for a longer time, and would in the end be a much better food. The mineral matter of the egg is small in quantity but rich in quality, and the albumen is in a form most easily digested. We must bear in mind, however, that the egg albumen coagulates at a lower temperature than that in meat, which teaches us at once that, to be easily digested, eggs must be lightly cooked.

A hard-boiled egg, one in which the white is rendered hard, may be digested by a man laboring in the open air, but it is unfit for food for the man who works in an office or shop, or for the person whose digestion is weak, or for children of any age."

The Big Brother.

It was a very small big brother of whom we read in the papers the other day that, being five years old, he caught and saved from drowning his little sister, aged two, who had fallen into the brook where both were playing. But, small and young as he was, to this brave wee man had come the knowledge of a big brother's duty, the duty of protecting and guarding the child who was less experienced than himself. One of the most beautiful relations in the world is that of the older brother, the one to whom the younger ones turn in emergencies, the one on whom the mother and father lean as they feel the burden of years, the one who becomes in a sense, after the father, the head of the house.

Children early learn to adopt the manners and the speech of the elder brother; the small boy is educated by the one who is at college or in business much more than by his governess or his tutor. Said a wise observer once: "If only you can get your eldest son well started, if he is manly, truthful, and of high principles, the others in the family follow right on in the same direction. The judicious father will take great pains with his oldest boy."

In a neighborhood or a school the large boys influence social opinion and set the fashion for the rest. Always there is some larger boy whom the little lad greatly admires, who is his model, whose smile or whose frown makes or unmakes his happiness. The big brother does not know it, but he is in this changeable world the one personage whose scepter never totters, whose popularity never wanes, and who never goes out of fashion.

To his sisters he has the opportunity of showing chivalry, kindness, and the deference of the stronger to the weaker. To the baby of the household he is little short of a king. The big brother, bless his heart, when he is a nice, obliging, affectionate, and generous fellow, is as important a member of society as any one who can be mentioned.

If, as sometimes happens, he is either a bully or a coward, then he is more contemptible than he would be if he had been born in a less-fortunate order in the family, for he has, so to speak, broken faith with all that was expected of him.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

A Lecture on Bath-Rooms.

The refurnishing of the bath-room is an important and absorbing occupation. No room in the house, with the possible exception of the kitchen, is more conducive to solid comfort and to health and well-being than the one consecrated to the greatest of all luxuries, cleanliness. Blue and white and green and white bath-rooms are by far the most attractive, the *Philadelphia Times* says, as no other tint seems half so fresh and clean. The white enameled paint is easily kept clean and looks fresh and smooth for a surprisingly long time. Tiled paper in blocks of blue and white, or in blocks of white, outlined with blue, is inexpensive, and owing to its glazed surface can be wiped free of dust as easily as any other part of the room. For the floor, linoleum in color and design to match the paper is the most suitable thing. It is more expensive than oilcloth, but does not chill bare feet as the latter does, and this is a most important consideration where only a rug is used. A mat of blue and white crash, with the word "Bath" in big ornamental letters

oven in the pattern, is the thing to place beside the tub. One of the good points of these mats is that they can be easily washed, and so kept always clean and bright, adding not a little to the attractions of the apartment. Bath-room window curtains of white muslin are prettier than colored madras or other fancy material, not to mention their washable virtues. The ideal bath-room always has silver faucets and shower, but no ordinary mortals can indulge in silvered brass or nickel-plate, which is prettier than polished brass. Clothes' hampers for the bath-room are made in the most attractive forms. The tall, round, slim-wasted hamper is one of the most convenient and fits snugly into a corner. Tall baskets made with triangular tops, to fit into a corner, are convenient if space is an important consideration, and fishing baskets of generous proportions to hang on the walls are useful for small pieces, towels, etc.

Another ornamental and necessary bath-room accessory is the hanging closet. It may be bought in various sizes and has a couple of shelves and a space for soap, brushes, boxes of toilet powder and other luxuries of the bath. If painted white and adorned with a mirror, it is a most convenient receptacle for the bottles and boxes that too often destroy the trim appearance of otherwise perfect bath-rooms.

Hints on Traveling.

That day and night on the sleeping-car is the dread of many a woman who is looking forward to her railway trip. So many women suffer from severe attacks of nausea during the long journey by rail, that the tyro, uncertain as to her capacity to endure motion, should look somewhat carefully to her diet during the day preceding departure. Oily foods and dishes slow to digest should be avoided. Women and children are apt to set out upon a journey fitted out with bonbons, jellies, and other "sweets." As a rule, this is fatal to good health on the wing. A box of ripe fruit is a much wiser suggestion. In fact, fruit of the variety in season should always form a part of the traveling lunch-box.

At each station along the route where a stop-off of a few minutes is allowed, the traveler should descend and walk briskly to and fro upon the platform to invigorate the system and set the blood in motion. Many women neglect this exercise from a rather absurd fear of being "left behind." But due notice to passengers to regain their seats is always given by train officials, and no one is forgotten.

If, on leaving your berth in the morning, you feel giddy or nauseated, try eating something light—toast and tea, a slice of cold chicken, etc. These symptoms often arise from want of food, and will cease when some light nourishment has been taken.

Another cause of serious annoyance on the rail is want of sleep occasioned by the unusual jarring motion. If possible, indulge in a little promenade along the aisles of the car before retiring. Travelers often retire too early, and thus murder sleep in advance.

One cause of insomnia is in the habit which those new at traveling have of sleeping partially dressed. This is most uncomfortable. Undress thoroughly, and bathe before retiring. This will insure sound sleep.

The fewer bundles the better in a sleeping-car. If possible, dispense entirely with these. The satchel carried should contain only articles to be used upon the trip, and these should be compactly arranged in order to be ready at a moment's notice. A full set of toilet articles, towels, medicines, etc., should be included. Bed-room slippers, also, and a neat peignoir to be used in passing to and from the wash-room,

THE SIOUX VALLEY IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

By Mary Alice Harriman.

When, in 1896, the Immigration Commission of South Dakota issued a colored map showing plainly the four natural divisions of the State, a step was taken in the right direction to call attention to the varied resources and excellent climatic conditions of the most maligned State in the Northwest. No other State in the Union has such clearly defined belts or zones, and it was only in the recent past that people began to realize that South Dakota is a State that must be studied.

No one, now, would think of attempting mixed farming on the grazing-lands west of the Missouri, nor, on the other hand, expect to have a winter range for his cattle in northeastern parts of the State; yet it is only a few years ago that this ignorance prevailed, with such disastrous results that South Dakota is, to many, synonymous with failure and disaster. As a matter of fact, South Dakota and her best capabilities are not yet fully known. As the work at the Brookings Agricultural College and Experimental Farm goes on; when practical results can be given from farms like the Hunter-

ional line, west of which the grazing-lands of the semi-arid region support thousands and thousands of cattle and sheep.

And then comes The Black Hills—the smallest in area, the greatest in undeveloped wealth. It will be seen that one can hardly speak of the State as a whole, but must designate the section to which one wishes to call attention. The Sioux Valley, two hundred and twenty-five miles long and sixty to eighty miles wide, embracing not only the eastern part of South Dakota but the western tier of counties in Minnesota and Iowa as well, is essentially a region suitable for mixed farming in all its branches. This valley is not so fertile as the far-famed valley of the Ganges, perhaps, but it does possess many qualities of productiveness. Experts in the Agricultural Department at Washington pronounce it equal in quality to that exhibited by the richest valleys in America.

Like most Western valleys, its soil is a dark, rich loam averaging eight feet in depth and of great fertility, climatic conditions being favorable. The Big Sioux River has its source

resources, and attempted to raise grain where, in fact, stock-raising is the proper thing. Such men quit the country in disgust, and reported that "they came from South Dakota."

South Dakota is a very large State, and the Big Sioux Valley is as distinct and separate from the grazing-lands along the Missouri, as Iowa is from Western Nebraska. This valley has always raised good average crops, and there is no part of the Northwest, or, for that matter, of the United States, that has fewer disadvantages. The people living there do not claim that the Sioux Valley is a paradise; it has its good points and it has its drawbacks; but it will compare favorably with any other prosperous locality. The Big Sioux Valley in South Dakota is but a continuation of Iowa and Minnesota. It has the same soil, climate, rainfall, resources and adaptability to general farming, and it raises fully as large crops. "There is not one iota of difference between Eastern South Dakota and Western Minnesota and Iowa, but an imaginary line has been drawn through the center of the Sioux Valley and the western half has been condemned because it is 'Dakota,'" exclaimed one of the managers of a large farm in Moody County—a farm that pays good interest on the money invested. Railroads, markets, churches and schools abound, and it is only the antagonism of ignorance that causes prejudice in favor of any locality in some other State.

"Oh, but the 'Blizzard,'" one says. Well, the blizzard is not solely a South Dakota product. Eastern States are subject to drifting storms as well as any Northwestern State. It is only one year in ten that the snow falls in excessive quantities. More often there is not snow enough to make good sleighing.

"The terrible winds," another protests, "are too much to endure." A recent Government report on the velocity of winds in the United States for the preceding twelve months, shows that at Eastport, Maine, the average breeze attains the speed of twelve miles an hour, at Boston it is eleven and one-half miles per hour, at Buffalo it is fourteen, at Cleveland thirteen, and in Chicago the dust cavorts merrily along at seventeen miles an hour. The same authority then shows that in South Dakota the air has the moderate gait of ten and a half miles an hour, the State being classed with Philadelphia, Lexington and Oswego.

The trouble is, people expect too much of a new and comparatively unsettled country. There were many more hardships to be endured when our forefathers settled New England. The pioneers who pushed West to Ohio and Indiana in the fifties were forced to combat chills and fever as well as lack of markets. The straggling emigrants who sought to cross the plains with their ox-teams in the sixties, suffered untold hardships;—and all this was done to develop new territory, to better their condition, to blaze the way for others. They did not cavil at the stony soil of New England, ague did not keep them from making Illinois and Ohio great and wealthy States, nor did the long march through the dust, with Indian foes lurking behind every sage-brush, prevent the land west of the Mississippi from being settled.

In the great regions of the Northwest, where railroads were built in advance of settlement, and where nature has done so much for the outreaching pioneer in the way of healthy climate, broad and fertile lands and ample room, many question the differences of climate, soil, or perhaps racial distinctions,—always expecting perfect crops, perfect weather, and perfect neighbors. One should accept the conditions, make the most of the good, remedy as speedily as may be the disadvantages, and al-



DRIVING THROUGH PRAIRIE GRASS, NEAR DE SMET, S. D.

Salzer farm in the Artesian Basin; when verified statements from the cattle ranges can be shown, and the Black Hills be still further developed, an influx of immigration will set toward South Dakota that will only be equaled by the State's ability to receive and support the people thus looking for homes and prosperity.

The State, as the aforesaid map shows, has four grand divisions. The Big Sioux Valley is, in point of general fertility, the same as the adjacent States of Minnesota and Iowa, and it is also the same climatically and geographically.

The Artesian Basin includes the region in which the possibility of obtaining copious supplies of water by means of artesian wells has been demonstrated. The name is somewhat of a misnomer, since it would lead one to think that irrigation is a necessity, whereas the rainfall averages twenty or twenty-five inches, and irrigation is simply to be practiced for the better results obtainable.

The mighty Missouri makes a natural divi-

near the dividing line between the Red River of the North and the Minnesota River, close to the northern line of the State. The valley extends the whole length of South Dakota, through nine counties, and as many more counties have creeks and smaller rivers tributary to the Sioux. Some of the best towns in the State are in this valley, notably Watertown, Estelline, Brookings, DeSmet, Flandreau, Madison, Dell Rapids, Sioux Falls, the largest city in the State; Canton, Hawarden, and Elk Point. The development, and the growth in population and wealth, of Eastern South Dakota during the last fifteen years has been almost phenomenal, yet there is plenty of good land for many other people who are looking toward the West as a prospective home. Special attention should be given to this portion of the State which has been so misunderstood that it has been classed with that semi-arid region where many located in the early days, before knowing of the State's varied climatic

ways believe heartily in the country of which they are a component part.

It is not necessary for the purposes of this article to expatiate on the advantages offered by every county and town in the Sioux Valley; we take a few as exponents of the whole.

Watertown, the county seat of Codington County, is situated on the Sioux River in the northern part of the State, and is to the north what Sioux Falls is to the southern part of the valley. The city is the hub of a large section of country, from which radiate seven lines of railroad, thus being the primary market for a rapidly growing region. The population is now about 4,000, and the past year has shown a healthy growth very different from the unreliable boom days. The city has all the modern improvements, and possesses substantial blocks and beautiful residences. Lake Kampsca, within two miles of the city limits, affords a charm which many places lack. It has the reputation of being one of the prettiest lakes in the entire Northwest. A gravelly beach makes a natural driveway around its shores, except at one place called Stony Beach, and it is a favorite resort for many from Watertown as well as from other localities. The water is particularly clear, owing to the gravelly bottoms. One would not find so much alluvial soil in the whole lake as in the ordinary Chicago bath-tub.

Speaking of the country, one must not forget the creamery business, which is making a substantial growth, nor the rapid progress that is being made in the raising of young live stock for the market.

Hamlin County has for its county seat Castlewood, though the largest town is Estelline. Here the six elevators and stock yards are enough to convince one of its growing importance as a grain and stock market. In common with other counties, it sends large shipments of young cattle to the corn-raising States of Iowa and Nebraska to be fattened, but it is a question if it would not be more profitable to the farmers to raise corn and keep the stock till it was ready for the markets of the Twin Cities or Chicago. A creamery is to be found here; in fact, there is hardly a town in the valley without a creamery in paying operation. Hamlin County also has its beautiful lakes—Poinsett being the largest. Estelline is the erstwhile home of Carruth Hayden, who in early days ran the *Estelline Bell*. Since then

he has become a well-known writer. His story, "Track's End," published in *Youths' Companion* last year, has for its foundation some incidents of the pioneer days of Estelline.

Deuel County joins both Lac qui Parle and Yellow Medicine counties in Minnesota, and is identical in every respect with these banner counties. Nine lakes vary the landscape, and in the eastern part the hills have a natural growth of timber which makes Gary one of the prettiest towns imaginable. Gary is also to be noted as the center of the sheep industry of this region. "The Gulch of the Golden Fleece" is here, and the search for the Golden Fleece of Greek tradition would find a practical ending in a prosaic manner while viewing the large flocks belonging to some of the large sheep owners. Clear Lake, the county seat, and Tonto, are both good, lively Western towns.

The dairy business is attracting increased attention in South Dakota, and the starting of many co-operative creameries foreshadows an era of larger prosperity for the farming com-

munities. The people of the State have looked across the line into Minnesota and Iowa, and have seen a condition of things that was in strong contrast with the depression and discouragement that existed in South Dakota. It was not a difficult problem to find the reason for this, and there has been a quick response to the need. Less wheat and more cows was the cry in the eastern part of the State, and the rapid building of creameries resulted.

In 1894 the first creamery was built in Kingsbury County, and now there are nine in this county alone. South Dakota has 145 creameries. The annual output of these factories is thirteen million pounds of butter, which brings into the State two millions of dollars per annum. Besides the creamery business, many thousands of dollars are brought to this county by its exports of cattle, hogs and sheep, and also from its shipments of wheat and coarse grains. This county has no debt, either bonded or floating, and a court-house at De Smet, the county seat, will be built this summer, costing twenty thousand dollars, with the surplus now in the general fund. In common with the greater part of South Dakota, the early improvements here were made mainly with Eastern capital. The money is rapidly being paid back, however, and no new loans are being made except to take up the old ones; and in every case the amount is cut down. This is true of all the Sioux Valley counties, and of Kingsbury as well. Land can be bought here from eight to fifteen dollars an acre.

From the time the first building was erected in Brookings, the county seat of Brookings County, to the present date, there has never been a boom of any kind. Like Topsy, "it just growed." Numerous families have been attracted to Brookings by its superior educational advantages. It is here that the Brookings Agricultural College and Experimental Farm is located. The total improvements in city and county the past year show the very creditable total of \$59,445. Brookings is a very pretty town. It has all modern improvements, including electric light and beautiful shade-trees.

The county has no natural resources other than its fertile soil. A vertical section taken from one of its townships was sent to the London Exposition a few years ago, and for depth and richness it was pronounced second only to that of the Yellow River in China. The county



THE DE SMET CREAMERY COMPANY, DE SMET, S. D.



A SHEEP FARM IN DEUEL COUNTY, BIG SIOUX VALLEY, S. D.

has no bonded indebtedness. It has good water, good soil, and plenty of room for more people who wish to buy land at low rates. One hundred acres of corn are cultivated now to every five acres ten years ago, and wheat, cattle, and butter-making, bring legitimate returns.

Madison, Lake County, has put \$60,000 into improvements the past year, right on the back of hard-times. This speaks volumes for Lake County; and, indeed, there are few districts that have felt the depression less. Madison is the acknowledged educational hub of South Dakota, for here is situated the State Normal School. The city can also boast of its newspapers, two dailies and four weeklies. It has twelve civic societies, a prosperous Building and Loan Association, and an active Board of Trade. Lake Madison has attracted the State's Chautauqua Assembly, and its shores are beautifully dotted with the white buildings of this home educational society.

That South Dakota is not the unproductive country that some Eastern people imagine is evidenced by the fact that Lake County farmers were among those to whom first awards were given, at the World's Fair, for yellow Dent corn, white Maine oats, white rye, and blue stem No. 1 hard wheat. No better testimonial to the richness of prairie soil than the foregoing should be required by any one seeking a location in the West.

Moody County is well watered, has the same rich soil that all the other counties in the Sioux Valley enjoy, abundant rain, ample railroad facilities, and Flandreau, its county seat, is one of the best towns in the State. Many of the improved farms have large groves and nice orchards started. Last year many hundreds of bushels of apples were raised. The county cannot be excelled for stock-raising and dairying. There never has been a spasmodic advancement in land, but there has been a steady upward tendency. Land that was sold for five to eight dollars an acre ten years ago, now sells for ten to twenty dollars. The stranger who comes here from the East is surprised to see a country so well settled and improved as this. In 1892 there was expended in Flandreau, in public and private improvements, \$107,250. This was remarkable, and it is a still further surprise to know that improvements for 1897 exceed that figure by \$18,000, besides thousands of dollars put into farm improvements, and all this in a year when too much rain reduced the crops to something below the average. Of course, the Indian-Industrial School has had improvements to its buildings which have helped to swell the figures perhaps one-third, or a little more, but

the fact remains that there is not a town of 1,200 inhabitants in the Northwest that is more prosperous than Flandreau. The secret of its growth and progress lies in the fact that it has the farming community to back and keep it up. Minnehaha County is best described by quo-

State. The Big Sioux River runs in a zigzag course through the center of the county, the Skunk Creek through the western portion and the Split Rock River through the eastern portion, which, with numerous tributary streams, make it a well-watered section. The valleys of the various streams vary in width from two to four miles, and the adjacent country is a fine rolling plateau. Minnehaha County has a population of about 25,000, and its assessed valuation is \$14,000,000, being about one-third of its actual valuation. Sioux Falls, the county seat, is the largest town in the State. Dell Rapids is the second town of importance, beside which there are seven other towns in the county. From fifty to seventy-five per cent of the land in the county is under cultivation, and, being one of the oldest settled counties in the State, it has numerous fine farms and farmhouses that will not suffer by comparison with those in the best sections of the older States. The splendid showing made by the practical farmers in this county is the best evidence of the agricultural prosperity of this section and the profitable results of the development of its resources. There is considerable timber on the river, and throughout the county there are numerous beautiful large groves of all kinds of forest trees, and orchards comprising all the northern fruit and ornamental trees. Strawberries, gooseberries, currents, raspberries and other small fruits are also grown here with good success. No county in the Northwest has better market facilities. There are six lines of railroad in the county, and the numerous towns give the farmers in all parts of the county good markets in which to sell their produce and buy their necessities. Minnehaha has the finest court-house in the State, and its finances are in good condition. It has a schoolhouse in every district, and good graded schools in the larger towns, besides three colleges at Sioux Falls. Churches are numerous in the towns, and a number have been erected in the country; so that the educational and religious privileges of the county are unexcelled.

The principal crops of Minnehaha County are wheat, oats, barley, rye, flax and corn, all of which yield abundantly. The wild lands are covered with a luxuriant growth of wild grasses, which make the best of pasture for stock and yield an abundance of wild hay. When cultivated, the soil is not only rich for the production of cereals, but all kinds of tame grass do exceptionally well. The price of improved farms in Minnehaha County is from \$15 to \$25 per acre, according to location and improvements; while the price of unimproved land is from \$12 to \$20 per acre. At these prices Min-



A FIELD OF OATS NEAR DE SMET, S. D.



STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, MADISON, S. D.

ting from a folder issued by one of the numerous land companies in Sioux Falls. It is one of the east tier of counties in South Dakota, cornering with Iowa and adjoining Rock County, Minnesota, on the west. It is one of the largest and richest and most populous counties in the



A RESIDENCE PORTION OF BROOKINGS, S. D.

nehaha County lands are the best investment that can be found, as the price is certain to double in a few years. Many of the farmers of the county who came here with very little are now worth from \$10,000 to \$25,000 at the very lowest calculation. And the fact that they have made their money on their farms is convincing proof of the agricultural advantages and prosperity of the country. All the vacant lands in Minnehaha County should be settled upon and cultivated during the next few years, and those who come here to engage in farming are assured of good homes and prosperity.

Lincoln County, which adjoins Minnehaha County on the south, is one of the best counties and contains some of the most progressive towns in the Sioux Valley. When Hon. Thomas Thorson was South Dakota's secretary of State in 1896, he wrote a letter in which he spoke of his residence in Canton and his farm in that

abiding place. It is true that many obstacles and inconveniences were encountered during those early days, for the nearest market and railroad point was fifty miles distant. In 1879 the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, in its western march of pioneering, reached the Sioux Valley and opened up a market for our products, and from that time onward, for a period of at least ten years, there was a most unprecedented advance in the way of improvements and material wealth. That portion of the Territory now within the borders of the State of South Dakota, reaching as far west as the Missouri River, fairly swarmed with immigrants, who came from the cities, towns and farms of the East to secure a home from Uncle Sam before it was too late; so that in a few years the population of the Territory now embraced within our State jumped from 92,628 in 1880 to 328,808 in 1890. It was at this time that these broad and undulating prairies, with their matchless soil,

became known to the outside world; for the new settler would invariably write to his friends and relatives in the East, telling them of this fertile and beautiful land. Unfortunately, a good many of those, who, at a ripe age, thought to change their mode of living from the artisan to that of the farmer, did not succeed in the highest degree, and some of them returned to their former homes; nevertheless, in the face of this the population of our State has steadily held its own, and now, according to the census of 1895, we have a population of 330,975.

"While in some portions of the State, even east of the Missouri River, the natural rainfall has not at all times been sufficient to produce

extraordinary crops, we pride ourselves in being able to show as satisfactory returns as any of the Western States. In fact, we know that the statistics show a greater per cent in the increase of wealth than any of the four new States that were admitted into the Union in 1889. As to the crop results of last year (1895), the average yield was in the easterly counties about twenty-five bushels of wheat per acre, forty to fifty bushels of oats per acre, twenty-five to forty bushels of barley per acre, five to thirty-five bushels of corn per acre, and ten to fifteen bushels of flax, aggregating in round numbers, as near as can be determined without statistical details, something like 26,000,000



GOVERNMENT BUILDING AT SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
(Photo by A. M. JENSON.)

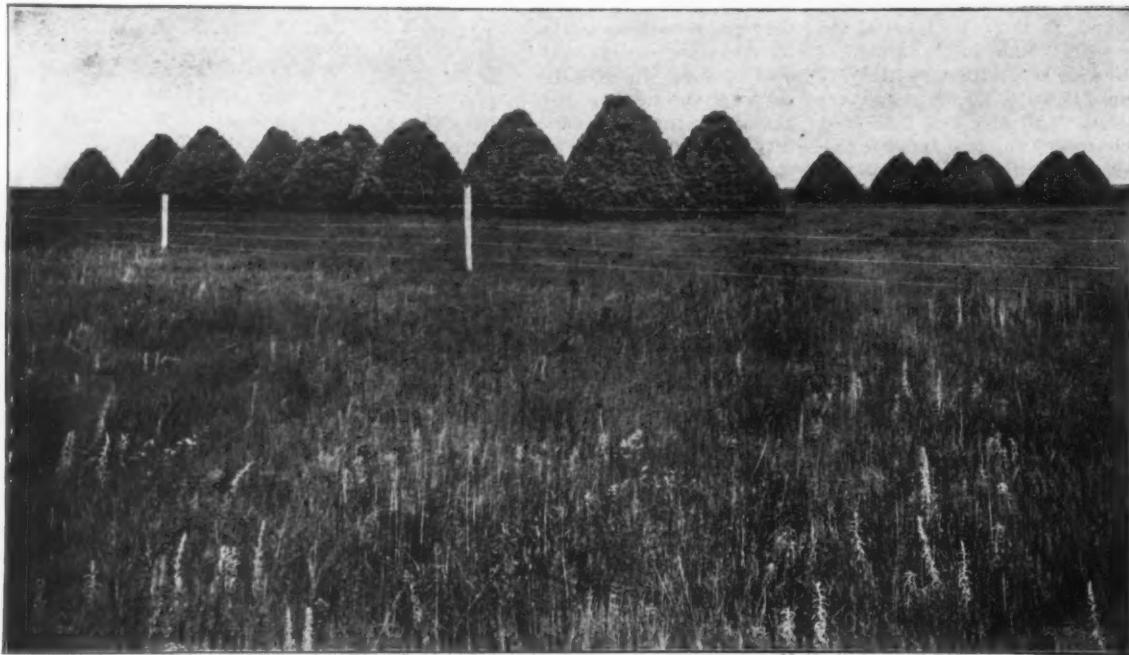
vicinity as an ideal spot for a home. He settled there in 1871, when settlers were not so numerous as they are now, and of this period he says: "In pursuing my work, it seemed to me that the heavens were never so broad as they appeared to be here, that the sun never shone so brightly, nor that the air could possibly be purer and more invigorating than in this adopted land of ours. So well suited were we that we resolved to make this our permanent



MINNEHAHA COUNTY COURT-HOUSE AT SIOUX FALLS, S. D.
(Photo by A. M. JENSON.)



A FIELD OF MILLET IN SOUTHEASTERN SOUTH DAKOTA.



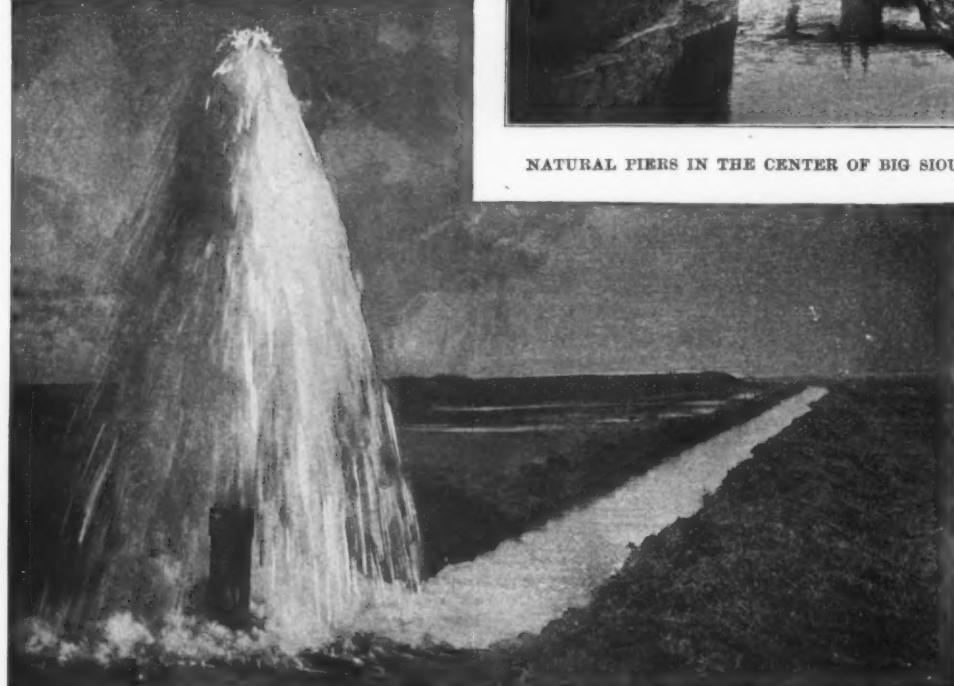
STACKS OF WHEAT FROM EIGHTY ACRES OF SOUTH DAKOTA LAND ON THOMAS THORSON'S FARM, IN LINCOLN COUNTY.

bushels of wheat, 25,000,000 bushels of oats, 6,000,000 bushels barley, 3,000,000 bushels flax and 18,000,000 bushels corn.

"The corn crop this season (1896) is most excellent all over the State, and promises to be the banner crop in its history. From every indication of the climatic influences of the past two years, we are fully justified in believing that a period of abundant rainfall has again set in, and that for years to come the farmer will be blest with bountiful crops. The livestock interests of the State have within the past ten years grown to wonderful proportions. Cattle and sheep in herds and flocks of thousands are a very common sight, and in the agricultural portion of the State the raising of hogs is among the most profitable occupation of the farmer. The dairying interest is also fast coming to the front, and within the past two years in the neighborhood of 100 creameries have



NATURAL PIERS IN THE CENTER OF BIG SIOUX RIVER, AT DELL RAPIDS, S. D.



ONE OF SOUTH DAKOTA'S NUMEROUS ARTESIAN WELLS.

been started. The butter made is considered the best on the market, for it is accredited with a firmness of texture and sweetness of flavor, attributed to the nutritious character of our prairie grasses, that make it unsurpassed by the butter of any section of the United States. It is not an idle boast to say that South Dakota will in the near future rank as one of the first dairying States in the Union."

What was written by Mr. Thorson two years ago is more than confirmed at the present time. The general crops in Lincoln County and the other crop sections of the State average as large as those of any of the Northwestern States, while the dairy interests have taken a stride which places South Dakota alongside the most advanced butter-making States in the Union, the number of creameries now being a round 150. Canton, the county seat of Lincoln County, has about

2,000 inhabitants and possesses many of those modern improvements and facilities which make such towns ideal places of residence. And the people of this county can go when and where they please. They are within a short distance of Sioux Falls, Sioux City, St. Paul and Minneapolis, and not very distant from Chicago. Their railway connections are first-class.

It should be remembered that all this broad belt of country, comprising the entire Sioux Valley, is traversed by several large railway systems, notably that of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, which runs from one end of the valley to the other end, and gives to the towns and counties along its lines the best and the most ample transportation facilities. The value of such lines to farmers and merchants cannot be overestimated. That settler is doubly-well located who finds himself in a rich farming country that lies contiguous to enterprising railway lines and good markets. When opportunity is afforded to buy land in such a country, where all the blessings and advantages of progressive towns, schools, churches, railways, etc., are at once available, it seems useless for those who seek new homes to look for them in remote and unimproved districts, where lands are no better and but little cheaper, and where all the advantages named must result from the slow process of development.

Rich in promise, limitless in possibilities, endowed with many gifts, the Sioux Valley bids the workers from factory and village, from Eastern farms and from other climes, to come where a home and heritage can be obtained. The only requirement is that they come with a willingness to work and wait, with a courage that will withstand adversity, and with a determination that will earn and achieve success.

THE FINEST ELK-HEAD IN MANITOBA.—The *Western Prairie*, published at Cypress River, Man., says that Mr. J. B. Mathers, of Glenboro, has in his possession what is perhaps the finest elk-head and antlers that can be found in the Province, the great deer having been captured in a most singular manner. A farmer who lives near the Riding Mountains one night heard a commotion among the cattle. The oxen were bellowing as if suffering from a dangerous attack; and so they were, for in the darkness an enormous male elk had evidently mistaken the oxen for deer, and at that season, which was very late in the fall, male deer of every species are much given to fight. The elk had attacked the oxen, and, with his well-armed head, threatened their lives. The farmer, afraid of being attacked himself, as the beast was in a furious state of excitement, hastened to the house and procured his gun. He then advanced until he was within a few steps of the deer, which stood with his breast towards him, and the great stag was killed by the first shot.

A QUEER WILL.—Edward L. Schefflein, the miner who founded the town of Tombstone, Arizona, and died last May in Oregon, made provisions in his will as follows:

"It is my wish, if convenient, to be buried in the garb of a prospector, my old pick and canteen with me, on top of the granite hills about three miles westerly from the city of Tombstone, Arizona; that a monument such as prospectors build when locating a mining claim be built over my grave, and no other monument or slab erected, and that none of my friends wear crape. Under no circumstances do I want to be buried in any cemetery or graveyard."

The will was filed at Oakland, Cal., for probate. All of his estate, valued at \$75,000, is given to his widow and brother.



DELLS ON SIOUX RIVER, IN SOUTH DAKOTA.—Photo by J. A. GLENDENNING.



WATERFALL AT SIOUX FALLS, SOUTH DAKOTA.—Photo by A. M. JENSON.



"THE DELLs," AT DELL RAPIDS, S. D. THEY EXTEND TWO MILES AND THEIR WALLS ARE FORTY TO SEVENTY FEET IN HEIGHT.



The Sapling Arose.

R. D. Steele, in speaking of various forms of boyish amusement, expressed the opinion that boys do not enjoy themselves as he did at his home in Canada, when a boy. Fortunately, though, he possessed a brother who had the most prolific mind in that direction of anyone in the neighborhood. He once took little R. D. to the woods, and, placing him securely in a gunny-sack, tied it to the top of a sapling, which he bent over for the purpose. Then he released it. The sapling arose with some elasticity, but little R. D. outdid it. He went several feet beyond. And then he came down and hit something hard. It was the Dominion of Lower Canada. He spent eight weeks in bed, and, when he was able to get out, his brother, in a burst of confidence, informed him that he had studied up something in the amusement line in the interim that he thought would be more successful than the last. But R. D. wasn't in it.—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

Third-Reader Style of Anecdote.

While Samuel Oldaker and E. T. Barnett, two adults, were roaming through the wood, they spied two cunning creatures scampering in play upon the greensward.

"Ah!" said Samuel, in a rising, inflectional tone of voice; "what are these, those, it, he or she, as the case may be, that, or which, I see before me?"

"From their appearance," quoth Barnett, "methinks they are bear or bears, but not having my pocket manual with me, I know not which."

"There being but two of them, and we being larger, stronger and more weighty, let us rush in, seize, bind and 'take them for bear,'" said Samuel, who was somewhat of a wag himself.

"Agreed," said Barnett, as they seized each a bear and made out of the tall timber.

From the depths of the forest came a sound which, for the moment,—here do the declamatory act,—froze their very blood with horror and made their hair stand up like the fretful barbs of a wire fence around a water-melon patch. The mamma bear was coming with some haste in their direction.

It was but the work of a moment for the gentlemen to drop their prey, that they might pray unincumbered. Then Samuel, seizing a tree in his manly arms, flung himself at one bound into its topmost branch, all the time crying to Barnett to save himself.

"Alas!" said Barnett, "I can discern no tree of sufficient circumference to sustain the weight with which I am at present oppressed. It is well for you, who are now out of danger, to shed advice like an attorney-at-law who hopes to be retained; but, alackaday! I must perish, forsooth, while you make a Wild-Bill talk."

At this moment Barnett felt the hot breath of the bear upon his cheek;—he also felt that his time had come. For a full moment the man and the bear stood and gazed at each other—and then, turning, the bear speedily retraced her steps. (Pause here and glare a few glares.)

Mr. Oldaker, with the wonderful presence of mind so characteristic of those who work for the Northern Pacific Railway, had pulled from his pocket an assay certificate that was so rich in gold that, by getting the proper reflection

of the sun's rays upon it, he was able to blind the bear with its dazzling brilliancy; and Barnett was saved!—*Bozeman (Mont.) Chronicle*.

All's Well that Ends Well.

There dwells at Sineacquooten, Or., a certain young man whose name will not be made known at present, but who, for convenience sake, we will call Jake. One pleasant evening, not long ago, he went out intending to spend a few hours with "his girl," a handsome daughter of a neighboring farmer. It was his first experience at "girling." As he approached the domicile of his heart's delight, he could see by the light in the window that the "old man" was at home. Jake peeked around and moved to one side in order that he might get a glimpse of the young lady, when, to his surprise, he fell into an old well, which was about ten feet deep and half-full of water. The splash he made aroused the family dog, and the dog aroused the entire household.

"Somebody's tryin' to steal our old well, pap!" exclaimed the girl.

"Help! Help!" cried the young man. "Help me out and I'll never come here again; I was looking for our cows, and I lost my way."

"Guess you lost it pretty badly," replied the old man, fiercely. "'Spose I dug this well for your cows to get into? Whot's ye here for, anyhow?"

"Don't strike him, pap," said the girl. "I know who it is; he wrote me yesterday saying he would call on me this evening, and you ought to have taken that old well out of his way. Dear me! I hope Jake won't think I put that well there." And then she sobbed.

Jake had no time to wait; he was already bounding off to his home the best way he could through the darkness; and his thoughts, in the meantime, are more easily conjectured than described.

When the girl came to think about it she couldn't help seeing that Jake was "gone" on her, and so, out of sympathy, she sat down and wrote him a note which read as follows:

"Dear Jake. Cum ag'in. Father won't be at hoam. When you foll in the well ag'in I will help you out myself and giv' you dri close. When I go to bed I dreme about you ev'ry nite, and if you love me as I love you, no nife kin cut our love in too."

There is no doubt in the world that Jake kept the appointment.

A Joke that Rebounded.

Few are there in Northern Montana that are not personally acquainted with ex-Sheriff Gilpatrick and Contractor Barnum, of Helena, says the Great Falls (Mont.) *Leader*. A good story, now first published, is going the rounds, and not a few in official and private circles are enjoying a hearty laugh at the expense of the genial ex-sheriff.

It was away back in early days, when Gilpatrick was sheriff of Lewis and Clarke County. Paving contracts were being let, and, seeing a chance to make some odd money on the side, Gilpatrick and Barnum bid on and secured one of the contracts in Barnum's name. All the idle Chinamen were given a job, and the work was nearing completion.

One afternoon Sheriff Gilpatrick decided to play a joke on his partner, and invited him down to have a drink. On the way down, Gilpatrick pinned a pig-tail to Barnum's coat-collar, and the two went on. All the afternoon, Barnum wondered why people were staring at him, and every place he entered they would laugh. About four o'clock in the afternoon a friend called his attention to the emblem of China, and a general laugh was indulged in all round. While the others were thus enjoying

themselves, however, Barnum was figuring on how to get even.

A few days later Barnum received a letter from his son, who was working in a slaughterhouse twenty miles from Helena. This was about the time that the Wells-Fargo robbers were abroad, and a reward of \$5,000 was offered for their capture. The original joke had died out and was forgotten.

Seating himself at a desk, Barnum wrote a letter, addressed to himself and dated at the slaughter-house, stating that the Wells-Fargo robbers were camped at the place and had with them their booty. Then, placing this letter in the envelope which had contained his son's letter, he hastened to the home of Sheriff Gilpatrick. A moment after his arrival all was excitement. There is not one of the sheriff's deputies but will remember the excitement of that night. All were summoned from their slumbers. During the hours of darkness a wagon was loaded down with rifles, handcuffs, leg-irons, and an abundance of ammunition. With several good, trusty men by his side, at the break of day Sheriff Gilpatrick started out. Barnum was asked to go as a deputy, but he was sick, or otherwise would have pinned on the star.

It was a cold, frosty morning, but in less than two hours after starting, the horses, steam issuing from every pore, drew up at the slaughter-house. The surprised proprietor came out and bade the officers welcome; but there was no time for salutations.

"Well, where are they?" asked Gilpatrick, in a whisper.

The butcher looked from one to the other in mute surprise.

"Vell, vere are who?" he answered, in a graveyard-like tone.

"Who?—Who?—Why, the Wells-Fargo robbers! Read that letter, signed by you."

The butcher took the letter and read. A smile lit up his countenance.

"Vell, don't you see dat ain't no write of mine? Dere vas no one here."

"Well, I'll be blowed!" said the sheriff. The deputies laughed, while Sheriff Gilpatrick concluded to remain over that day and allow the horses to rest.

But Barnum grew uneasy, after Gilpatrick left, and feared the worst on his return. Learning that the sheriff would remain over night, the following morning he started his son-in-law out early to meet Gilpatrick on the road and quiet him down. It was twenty degrees below zero when the two parties met about midway. Gilpatrick was not acquainted with the stranger, who drew rein and signaled the party to stop.

"There has been hell in Helena, sheriff, since you left."

"That so? How's that?"

"Well, you know that paving contractor who has the Chinamen at work?"

"Yes."

"Well, last night they mobbed him and stuck a pick in his head. It's impossible for him to live. I suppose he is dead by this time."

That was enough. With, "My God! my partner dead?" the past was forgotten. The whip rose in the air and descended on the horses' backs, and the story goes that ten miles were covered in less than forty-five minutes. The party drove to Barnum's house and knocked. Mrs. Barnum came to the door.

"How is he—dead?" and the officer's eyes were dim.

"Dead who?"

"Barnum, is he——" but he stopped short. There was no time to finish.

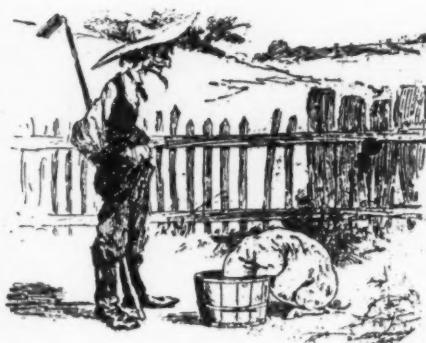
"Fooled again! Well, I'll be blowed. Give me a pick." It was Sheriff Gilpatrick that spoke.



I.—The find.



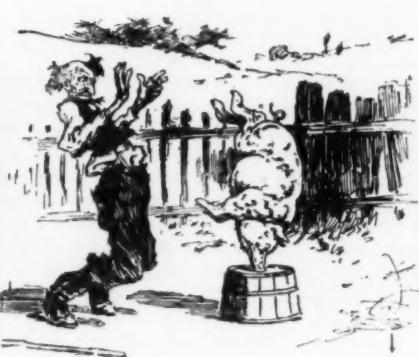
II.—Homeward bound.



III.—A square meal.



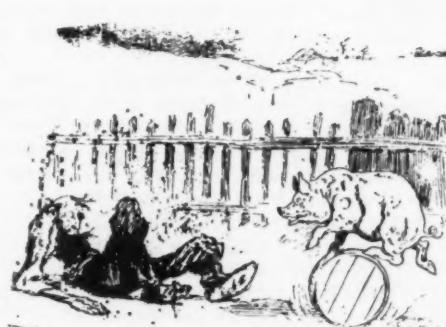
IV.—An acknowledgment of courtesy.



V.—A surprise.



VI.—More of it.



VII.—The act continues.



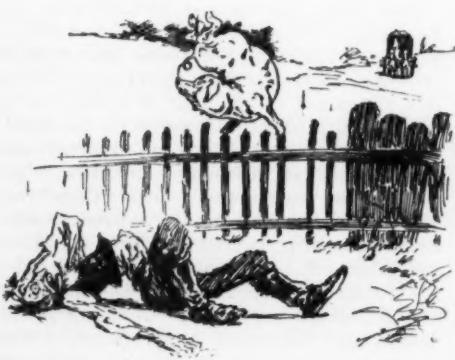
VIII.—With added features.



IX.—Through the hoop.



X.—A neat carom.



XI.—Grand finale and—

THE EXPRESSED GRATITUDE OF THE LOST PIG.



XII.—Great transformation scene.



To Clean Silk.

To clean silk, grate a large potato into a quart of water, and let it stand for forty-eight hours. It should then be strained. Dip the silk into this several times, being careful not to crush it. Then hang it up to dry, and afterwards iron it on the wrong side. If there are grease-stains upon it, they should be removed first. This can be done with either chalk or the yolk of an egg mixed in water.

Gilt China.

It is possible that our grandmothers understood the gilt on the pretty china which they have handed down in such good condition to their descendants. Soap has a disastrous effect upon the gold, as well as upon the colors, in fine china. Dishes should never be washed in soapy water; wash in hot water and drain your fine china on soft Turkish toweling in the drainer, and dry them with a soft cloth.

A Cure for Sleeplessness.

Sleeplessness brought about by nervous excitement or overwork can be cured by a home remedy which anybody can test. Simply take a moist towel, fold it up, and place it across the neck. If this does not work, a small mustard plaster upon the pit of the stomach will produce sleep. It draws the mind from the brain, and it never fails to cure insomnia. The mustard must not be too strong. To one teaspoonful of mustard add two of flour; mix with water. It will not blister.

The Safety of Eider-Down.

Do the wearers of eider-down dressing-sacks and wrappers know that this peculiar and beautiful fabric will not blaze when held to the fire? It will only smolder, being made of an animal fiber. Mothers will do well to remember this when they are buying warm garments for their little ones.

Here is the way in which to wash garments of eider-down: Make a suds of luke-warm water and the best laundry soap. Put in the garment and wash it thoroughly, being careful not to rub soap on it; that causes it to shrink in spots, and is undesirable in every way. The best eider-down will not fade, and will bear hard and frequent washings.

Woman's Distinguished Bearing.

A distinguished bearing is the most useful possession a woman can have. She may be absolutely plain of face and feature, and yet, if she has a "presence," make a pretty woman feel insignificant by contrast. She may be poor as a church-mouse, yet make her richer sisters most envious. The first requisite for a woman who desires a "presence" is backbone. In other words, she must know how to stand well. Head up, shoulders straight, abdomen in, feet firmly planted—that will make any woman presentable. If you don't believe it, you doubting sister with the shirt-waist that never is on good terms with your dress-skirt, and whose collar insists on creeping up above your ears, just practice getting into those postures

for one straight week, and then report. Fifteen minutes a day for three months will make over any woman who is not afraid of getting tired.

Training Husbands After Marriage.

It really is asking too much of a woman to expect her to bring up a husband and her children too. She vainly imagines, when she marries this piece of perfection, with whom she is so blindly in love, that he is already trained, or, rather, that he is the one human being in the world who has been perfect from infancy, and who never needed training. She knows that mothers have to put in twenty years of close study and hard work before they can turn out a man or a woman who won't be a social pest. She never dreams of the curious fact that mothers always train their daughters to make good wives, yet never think of training a boy to make a good husband.—*Lilian Bell in the May Woman's Home Companion.*

Sensible Skirts.

The reason why women walk in misery through the rain is because they are afraid of ridicule. And the odd thing about it is that they ought to be ridiculed for dressing as they do in wet weather. If a man were to have his coat cut so that the tails dragged half an inch in the mud, he would probably be pelted with eggs, and would be in great danger of being committed to the insane asylum as being rational in many respects, but hopelessly idiotic in one.

If sensible husbands and fathers, with the assistance of some muscular brothers, will unite in the determination to uphold the females of their family in a sensible innovation upon a custom both outrageous and absurd, Seattle can lead the way in a great reform. Every sensible woman is already prepared to do her duty in the matter. In the summer-time there is nothing more graceful than the fall of the flowing robe, and for its beauty it should be retained even at the possible disadvantage of wearing garments which do not cling to the form like a man's.

The slovenliness of muddy and bedraggled skirts is an injustice to a woman. Careful as she might be in her habits and neat in her dress, it is impossible to avoid the splash and smear of mud in any wet climate. There is nothing to be changed very much about a short skirt, so that it could be worn for two or three years, just as a man wears his overcoat or his mackintosh. That dressmaker or costumer who designs a winter dress meeting all the requirements, without it looking odd or being extreme, will receive a very ready patronage.—*Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.*

Sleeping-Car Vexations.

Some observant traveler declares that the first thing a woman does on entering a sleeper is to count the number of women and children present and make her plans accordingly. "There is a difference of opinion," she says, "as to whether it is better to descend on the toilet-room early or late. There are disadvantages about both plans. It is simply impossible to get ahead of the woman who is always there first. She is a disagreeable person, who takes possession at some uncanny hour and locks herself in and others out. She makes a leisurely toilet while other women pound on the door and linger in the passage way, in various stages of dishabille and disheveled locks. Then, if one waits until everybody else is gone, one is sure to lose one's connections or breakfast or temper. And if one plunges in medias res, one either has to trample on other people's feelings and toes or else be trampled on. What can a poor

woman do?" she asked of a gentleman friend. "Swear," said he sympathetically, but irreverently.

"No, that wouldn't do," answered the woman, sadly. "I wonder if a plea from all the traveling women of the country would move the hearts of these high and mighty sleeping-car magnates? I doubt it."

Little Things Worth Knowing.

All children should be taught to gargle as soon as they are old enough.

A saucer of powdered charcoal placed on the upper shelf of the refrigerator will absorb all odors and keep it pure and sweet.

Hot lemonade or ginger tea are both good to break up a cold if taken before going to bed.

For severe hoarseness, the white of an egg, beaten light and added to the juice of a lemon, two teaspoons of glycerine, and sugar to sweeten, will afford great relief.

Bathing the neck and chest in cold water every morning prevents many from taking cold. Wearing warm under garments with high neck and long sleeves is another preventive.

Flaxseed with lemon-juice will loosen a severe cold on the lungs when other remedies fail. Cook the whole flaxseed in sufficient water, so it will strain easily, and add plenty of lemon-juice and loaf sugar. Always drink it cold.

Mattresses should be turned daily to prevent them from wearing unevenly.

A pail of unslackened lime left standing in the cellar will remove all dampness.

Every cooking utensil should be immediately filled, after using, with lukewarm water.

A little salt put in the reservoir of the lamp will make a clear, steady light.

Lamp chimneys can be made brilliant by washing them in very hot soap-suds and rinsing them in clear, hot water.

Vanilla extract can be made at home by clipping half an ounce of vanilla beans in fine pieces, and covering them with half a pint of alcohol and half a pint of water, boiled and cooled; then bottle tight.

A sick headache can frequently be cured by applying a mustard plaster at the pit of the stomach.

The gilding on tarnished picture-frames may be restored by washing it with warm water in which an onion has been boiled.

Lettuce is good for insomnia.

Celery is a stimulant for the nerves.

Chicory has laxative properties.

There is no better medicine for bilious persons than lemon-juice and water.

Rose-jars are prepared by putting a layer of rose-leaves in the bottom of a jar and scattering common salt over them. Close the jar tightly and set it in the sun. Add more leaves from time to time, using salt with each layer.

Javalle water will remove all ordinary stains from linens. It is made by mixing a pound of sal soda and five cents' worth of chloride of lime with two quarts of soft water. Put in an earthen vessel, apply to the stain, and then rinse off, being careful not to let it get on your hands.

Shopping Impoliteness.

A Christmas shopper came home breathless, battered and tired—well-nigh speechless. Her faithful family flew to her aid, and by dint of much effort succeeded in resuscitating her. Her breath returned; her pulse, though very weak, could be discerned, and at length she opened her eyes.

"Oh, the women!" were the first words she spoke. "The women, the women, the women! Never did I see anything like them. And if this is the way they act early in the season, when few in numbers, what will they be like as

the season waxes and their numerical strength is overwhelming?"

Here the shopper went off into another state of coma, and was only revived by the most vicious smelling-salts procurable.

"Every woman seems to regard every other woman as her natural enemy," whispered the shopper, as she again found consciousness,—"though just 'regarding,' or any other tame and passive performance, isn't enough for her. She believes in active and open operations, and also in converting all others to that belief. It is shove, push, jostle and elbow from the time she sets out until she sinks, exhausted, a mere wreck, upon her own threshold. I haven't heard a 'beg pardon' since I left home this morning, except the few such epithets that I myself ejaculated at the outset of the fray. Only at the outset. The really fatal thing about the Christmas shopping is that it is so infectious.

"Now, I pride myself upon being a woman who at least knows what good breeding is, but before I knew what I was about, I was scrambling and hustling with the rest of them, and almost as pugnaciously. Christmas shopping is the best means yet devised for extracting every atom of native courtesy and acquired etiquette from a woman. The outrages committed by the usual all-the-year-round purchasers are as nothing compared with those perpetrated by the Christmas brand of that article. If one thing stands out more than another in the long line of Christmas shopping crimes, it is the matter of door slamming. No well-regulated Christmas shopper ever dreams of looking after her to see how many slain and injured she leaves behind her as she lets a swing-door slam to. Her one idea seems to be that there should be as many as possible, and so eager is she to increase the score that she doesn't even stop to take a reckoning. I can not imagine that any sort of peace or good will can accompany gifts obtained by such belligerent, blood-thirsty operations.

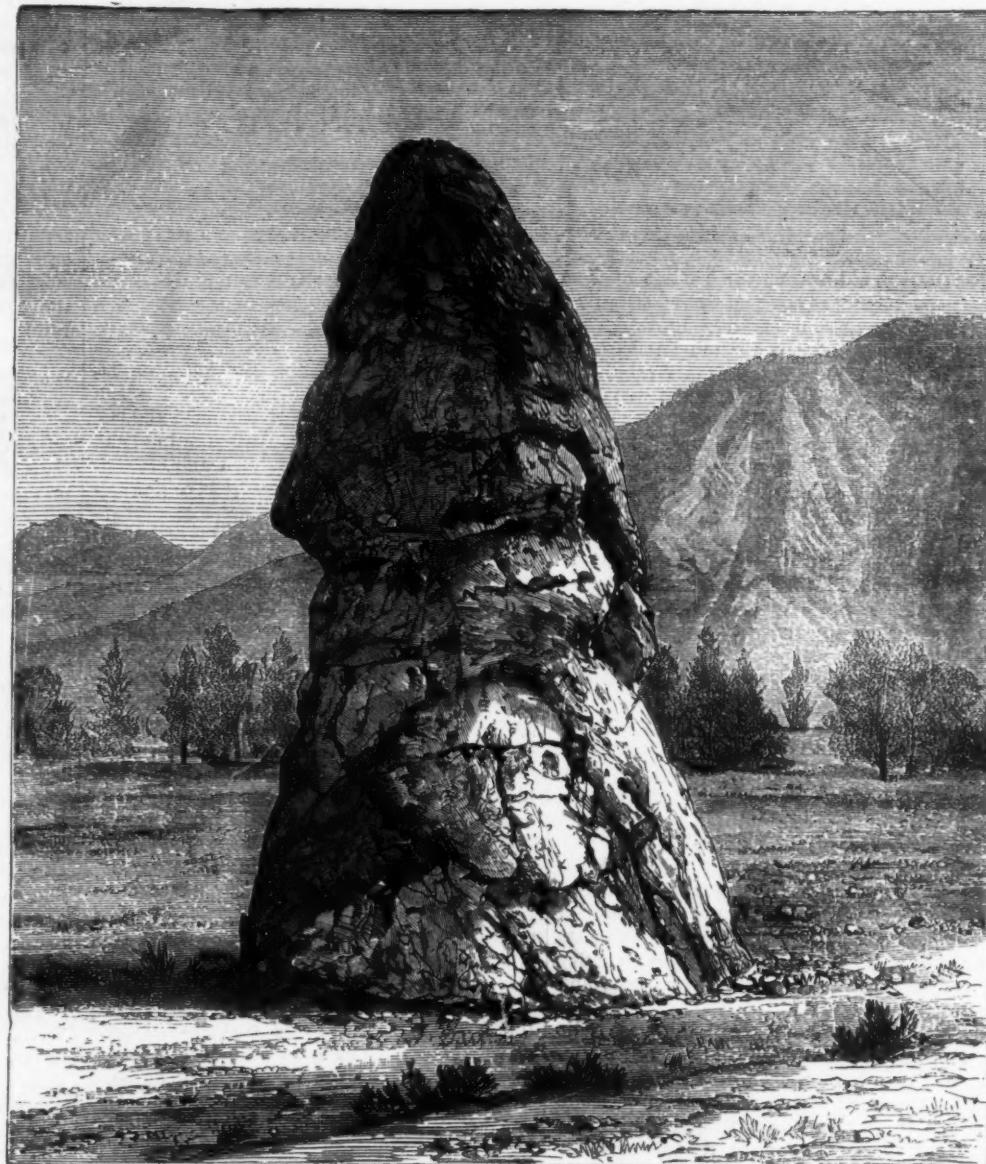
"But the significant feature of the entire experience is that it is solely and simply the responsibility of women. The few men one encounters at such times invariably conduct themselves with a difference. They are neither primarily inspired to be rude, nor are they so easily contaminated. Christmas shopping has just one reason for being what it is, and that is the women."—*Minneapolis Times*.

Untruthful Mirrors.

No doubt the human race would consider it little sort of a universal tragedy if there were no looking-glasses. Yet, in spite of their widespread use, it is an astonishing fact that none of us have ever seen ourselves as others see us.

In the first place, the reflection in the mirror does not portray our likeness with any attempt at accuracy. The hair is wrong in tone; the eyes are not correct in color, and our complexions are hopelessly libeled by this specious household deceiver. It is certain that if the looking-glasses spoke the truth, the sale of various complexion washes would decrease to half, for any fair skin looks gray and pallid in the glass, and numbers of women who have splendid complexions ruin them by trying to improve them because they look bad in the mirror.

You may be certain that, however plain your



THE DEVIL'S THUMB, AN EXTINCT GEYSER CONE, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

face seems, it is by no means so plain as it appears in the tell-tale mirror. Secondly, you cannot assume your natural expression while peering in the looking-glass. The eye must be in a certain position before you can see at all, and the eye, so far as expression is concerned, governs the face. The consequence is that you can see only one of your expressions in the glass, and that expression is one of attentive examination. All the other expressions by which your friends know you, favorable or unfavorable, you have never seen, and never will see.

Some Masculine Reflections.

The more a man sees of women, the more he likes little girls.

A woman's idea of diplomacy is being nice to the coal-man in the spring.

The most successful ministers are those who always notice when a woman isn't at church.

Lot's wife probably wouldn't have looked back if Lot hadn't kept hollering at her not to.

The average man would just as lief listen to the steam radiator pipes as to an opera by Wagner.

Most married men would admit, if they dared, that they would rather have a rat terrier than a baby.

A man never has any money. Before he gets

married he spends it, and after he gets married his wife spends it.

About the time a woman begins to quit lying about her own age, she begins to lie about her daughter's.

Women are born to hurt the thing they love most; even a little girl likes a doll best that will cry when she pinches it.

The average man doesn't suffer near so much when he has the yellow jaundice as he does when his wife has a pink tea.

A widow is the only one who appreciates that what a man eats is just as important to him as what a woman wears is to her.

When a man grows up and falls in love, he never feels the thrills he did when he was a boy and first put perfumery on his handkerchief.

When a girl lies down on a divan with a lot of cushions on it, she loses all her hairpins; when a man does it he loses all the change out of his pocket.

A baby can keep a man awake all night and it's all right; but if a man keeps the baby awake ten minutes, all the women folks in the house call him a brute.

A man will generally find at the basis of his wife's good opinion of the man next door, the fact that she once saw him out in the front yard helping his wife water the flowers.

A PEN SKETCH OF TOWNS IN NORTHEASTERN IOWA.

By Letitia Daulton.

Northeastern Iowa, or the portion of that section of the State traversed by and tributary to the Chicago Great Western Railway, has innumerable advantages to hold forth to the home-seeker. Time devoted by interested parties in investigating this statement will demonstrate the truth of the assertion; for it is a reliable agricultural section, rich in diversified resources and peopled by a prosperous and progressive class of tillers of the soil, whose success, while largely due to their own individual efforts, could never have become so distinct without the aid of bounteous nature. Grain, live stock, poultry, butter, eggs, etc., are the chief products of this fertile territory, and the farmers find a ready and profitable market for their goods in the many small but enterprising cities, towns and villages that are scattered along the railway before mentioned—places that are inhabited by a class of citizens who are an energetic but home-loving lot. Many of these residents are of the retired class. They have become independent through their early-day efforts in this agricultural country, and now seek to spend their declining days surrounded by those comforts and blessings incident to modern improvements in small but progressive cities. The other and major portion of the residents of these handsome settlements consist of that class who, either from necessity or choice, are daily battling for fame and fortune.

It is this latter class to whom the most credit is due for the many truly metropolitan improvements which their towns are adopting, and for the spirit of enterprise which seems to pervade the air in their immediate vicinity. Chief among these important little cities should be mentioned

ELMA,

which is certainly an enterprising and progressive place, probably the most important along the line of the Chicago Great Western Railway on its journey through Howard County, within the borders of which Elma is located. It is twenty-six miles southwest of Cresco, the county seat. Elma has a population exceeding 1,000, and is rich in educational and religious advantages, having an excellent public-school system and four handsome churches, the latter being occupied by the Catholic, Congregational, Lutheran and Methodist denominations. There is also a well-edited local paper. The majority of the business houses are built of brick, and the stocks comprise full and complete lines of all goods usually carried by first-class establishments in up-to-date towns. Two local banks afford efficient facilities in the transaction of the financial affairs of the city, while the industrial interests are mainly represented by a prosperous tow factory, a well-conducted creamery, and a large feed-mill. There are two large lumber-yards, which do an extensive business locally and throughout the adjacent territory. Elma is 131 miles from St. Paul and 122 miles from Dubuque. Electric lights and a local and long-distance telephone exchange are among the recent modern improvements, and an efficient volunteer fire department does valiant service whenever necessary.

NEW HAMPTON,
the judicial head of Chickasaw County, has a population of 2,100. It is 146 miles from St. Paul and 197 miles from Des Moines, Iowa's capital. Its transportation and shipping facilities are ample, the Chicago Great Western passing through from north to south, and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul running from east to west. The business men and citizens generally are wide-awake, progressive and liberal, ever willing to lend reasonable encouragement to any enterprise that has for its object the betterment of local conditions. Owing to this fact, New Hampton now has several important manufacturing industries within its limits, among which should properly be mentioned a wagon factory, recently organized with a capital of \$10,000; a butter-tub factory, having a capacity of a carload per week; a first-class creamery, and four cigar factories. The town also has one of the largest lumber-yards in the State, four weekly newspapers, and three banks. The business blocks are very creditable, being composed almost exclusively of stone and brick, and ranging in cost from \$15,000 to \$33,000, many of them being handsome architectural effects.

Few cities of the same size have better, or even so good, a public school system; the Catholic and Lutheran denominations each maintaining independent parochial schools. There are seven church organizations in New Hampton, the buildings having cost from \$10,000 down to \$4,500. The main business streets are macadamized, the town has electric lights, a first-class system of water-works, an excellent and well-equipped fire department, an efficient police force, and a local telephone exchange.

DYERSVILLE,

with its 1,500 inhabitants, is a growing, prosperous place and the trade center for a rich agricultural and stock-raising section. It ships annually large quantities of grain, live stock, butter, eggs and general produce, and the transportation facilities, via the Chicago Great Western and the Illinois Central railways, afford excellent opportunities for reaching the best-paying stock, produce and wholesale markets of the country.

Dyersville is located in Dubuque County, twenty-nine miles west of the city of Dubuque, the seat of justice. It is situated on the banks of the picturesque Maquoketa River, that stream dividing the city into equal parts, known as the East and West sides and connected by a substantial bridge. Aside from its commercial industries, Dyersville is chiefly noted for its beautiful homes, handsome and well-kept streets and neat appearance generally. From business, educational and religious standpoints the town is substantial, progressive and satisfactory, the citizens apparently attempting to excel neighboring towns in the three particulars named. As an evidence of local enthusiasm and pride, the recent erection of a magnificent city hall building may be instanced. It cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000 and is built of brick. It contains, in addition to the usual offices, space for the local fire-fighting appliances and also a large hall, pro-

vided with a stage and settings of sufficient dimensions to accommodate the best theater companies.

Dyersville has two banks, public and parochial schools, and four church buildings—Episcopal, Lutheran, Methodist and Catholic, it being claimed that the one occupied by the Catholics is the finest church edifice in the State. The local press consists of two good weekly newspapers—the *Commercial* and the *News-Letter*. The latter is edited by Bruce L. Baldwin, an enterprising gentleman whose indefatigable efforts not only result in giving the citizens a first-class paper, but also in making the name of the town prominent throughout Iowa.

CASCADE

is another important little city of 1,500 people, being situated, like Dyersville, on the banks of the Maquoketa River. It is not on the line of the Chicago Great Western Railway, but its individual importance gives it right to special mention here. Cascade is in Dubuque County, is twenty-four miles from the county seat, and is the western terminus of a branch of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The city derives its attractive name from a sudden fall or cascade in the Maquoketa River at this point, which gives local manufacturing industries excellent water-power to operate their machinery. It was this feature that led to the founding of the town, nearly sixty-five years ago. It was not, however, until 1876 that substantial improvements of any kind were made, but from that year to the present the town's growth has been slow but sure. It now has a fine system of water-works, supplied from a perennial spring of pure, crystal water; an unexcelled electric-light plant, local and long-distance telephone lines, a complete roller-mill, and several miles of improved streets. It also has one German and two English weekly newspapers, two banks, six churches, and four schools.

The city is surrounded by a rich agricultural territory that is worked by an industrious class of farmers who do a considerable export business, chiefly in grain, live stock and general produce, making Cascade their shipping point. It is here that the Dubuque County fair is held annually, controlled and managed by the Cascade Driving Park and Fair Association, organized in 1890. This enterprise, of itself, clearly demonstrates the aggressive and progressive spirit of Cascade business men.

WILD ANIMALS IN ALASKA.

During the summer, the waters of Alaska are the home of immense numbers of ducks, geese and swans. There are also many small birds, swallows, thrushes, robins, sparrows, and many other varieties. In some suitable places there are many humming-birds. It must be remembered that while along the Coast and in the valleys there is much wood and very large trees of white and yellow cedar, hemlock, spruce and other timber, the mountains are bleak and bare as well as cold.

In no part of Alaska can any vegetable or garden plant mature. Along the rivers, when the salmon are running, there are many eagles and other birds of prey. Bears also leave the thick woods and approach the rivers, which are crowded with salmon, and become fat by devouring the fish which they catch. Besides black bears there is a large and very fierce brown bear that keeps near the Coast. There is also an enormous bear, the largest in existence, known as the "kodack" bear, which lives mostly on fish and keeps near the Coast.—*Western Prairie, Cypress River, Man.*

ANNUAL WOLF-HUNT OF WISCONSIN INDIANS.

The annual wolf-hunt, one of the most exciting and profitable events among the Winnebago Indians of Jackson County, in Central Western Wisconsin, is described in an interesting manner by a correspondent who lives in Black River Falls. He says that the wolf-hunt, or drive, as it is sometimes called, has been resorted to by the early settlers in most of the communities of the timbered districts of Wisconsin, at some time or other, to rid the neighborhood of the troublesome pests, but that such exciting adventures are seldom encountered near communities that have been settled for nearly half a century. Yet such scenes can be witnessed in Jackson County during the annual holiday hunt.

This county, owing to the vast amount of unoccupied land, affords good retreat for the big timber wolves, and, from the days of the earliest settler, it has been the natural haunt of wild animals of various kinds. Furthermore, wolf culture is a business not foreign to some of the old-timers who reside among the hills and plains of isolated and outlying districts and make a business of catching wolves for what is in it. The Indian will never kill a she-wolf when it can be avoided. He willingly waives the \$10 bounty and the value of the pelt, as he knows full well that she is the goose that lays the golden egg, so to speak—to the value of \$60 to \$80 per year.

Poor Lo is a shrewd man of business in his line; he has been known, by various devices, to migrate an entire pack of wolves from counties where little or no bounty is paid, to counties which pay liberally for the extermination of the "varmints."

The dismal howl of the wolf is sweet music to the ear of the Winnebago; it means an abundance for his squaw and little ones, and wild, exciting chase for the hunters of the band.

The night preceding the big wolf-hunt is a notable one in the Indian village. Amid feasting common to their mode of life, the council is held and all details governing the chase for the morrow are arranged. Each man knows his position by the rude map which is drawn in outlines among the ashes of the fire-place in the lodge of the hunter that will be the guiding spirit of the hunt.

The feasting is continued until a late hour, but the gray streak of dawn in the east finds the camp astir; one tap on the big drum, and all is hustle and excitement. The braves fall in line, and, with several score of yelping dogs, the start is made. The best marksmen of the tribe are established at points of vantage along the line of the drive; the main body swings out on both flanks, frequently making a line two miles in length.

The drives are now started, and pandemonium reigns in the forest or among the hills and bluffs, as the case may be. The extreme ends of the line advance more rapidly than the center in their wild, onward rush, and soon the bag is formed. Should the wolves happen to have dens in that vicinity, they are driven to cover by the dogs and are guarded by the younger Indians and squaws, who follow in the wake of the drive to render assistance in the way of watching the dens to see that none escape while the big drive is still in progress.

As the circle of shouting hunters closes up, the most intense excitement prevails; amid the yelping of a small army of dogs, the shooting and blood-curdling yells of the In-

dians, which echo through the forest or among the hills, the now frightened wolves rush hither and thither, sometimes showing signs of their savage nature, though regarded as the biggest cowards of the animal kind. Yet few, if any, escape a well-planned hunt, and other kinds of game, caught in the round-up, share a common fate.

Should the hunt prove a successful one, a dance and a feast follow. The orator of the band recounts the story of the hunt to the decrepit braves of other days, bestowing on each lucky hunter the praise he deserves. The dance ends the day's excitement, when, bedecked in their fantastic garbs, the savage nature of the civilized Indian shines forth in all its hideousness. In their wild orgies they act out the day's doings, living over the stirring scenes of the eventful chase.

A SANATORIUM MIDST HISTORIC SURROUNDINGS.

On the historic St. Croix River, which courses the western border of Central Wisconsin, is the famed old town of Hudson. In this place is located one of the most perfectly conducted health institutions in the country—the Hudson Sanatorium. Situated on a hillside and overlooking Willow River, a picturesque stream that empties into the St. Croix, this fine building is an ideal resort for those who seek rest and health. It was founded, and is still managed, by Dr. S. C. Johnson, one of the ablest physicians in the Northwest and an old-time resident of Hudson. He is an ex-surgeon-general of Wisconsin, and has been president of the State Board of Health for years. Dr. S. B. Buckmaster is the superintendent and resident physician. This gentleman was for many years superintendent of the State Hospital for the Insane at Madison, and was formerly professor of physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Chicago. He is a very eminent practitioner, and some remarkable cures have resulted from his methods of treatment.

The Hudson Sanatorium is in the midst of a fifteen-acre park and in one of the most attractive scenic portions of the Badger State. There is no monotony there, nor does a person have to be wealthy in order to enjoy the benefits of

the sanatorium. One can secure comfortable quarters at \$15 a week—this amount including medical attention, baths, board, and everything else except medicine, laundry, and surgical operations, for which an extra charge is made as a matter of course. It is a large building, and the rooms comprise various degrees of luxury, the rates varying accordingly. Modern in its appointments, one will find it equipped with gymnasium, hot water and steam, electricity, electric bells, trained nurses, all kinds of baths, etc., etc. Especial attention is given to the dietary. Everything possible is done to render guests comfortable and to give them an "at home" feeling. Hudson is only seventeen miles from St. Paul, and this city and Minneapolis are constant patrons of the sanatorium. A brief ride, and one is transferred from turmoil to tranquillity; for there is no more certain haven of peace, rest and health than this famed institution on the Willow and St. Croix rivers.

WHY HE WAS RESIGNED.

A good story is told by the Walla Walla (Wash.) *Statesman* about a resident of that place who, a short time ago, was out on a mining tour through the hills near the international line. The person in question will never be hung for his good looks, and realizes the fact that he is not the handsomest man on earth. He was riding along one day when he saw a rider approaching him, and he thought he would have a little fun. When the stranger was within a few feet of him he pulled out his gun and, pointing it at the fellow, ordered a halt. The stranger said:

"Well, pard, I have no money, but you can search me."

The other replied that it was not money he was after, but his life.

The stranger asked what he had done that merited this, when the man from Walla Walla said:

"I swore, some time ago, that if I ever met an uglier man than myself I would shoot him, and you are the man."

"The stranger took a good long look at the man with the gun, after which he coolly said:

"Blaze away. If I'm uglier than you are life is not worth living!"



THE BEAUTIFUL WILLOW RIVER FALLS, NEAR HUDSON, WIS.



IN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

A Trip Through a Noted Seed-House.

When you ride through a country on a steam railway car your view is narrowed to the landscape which lies immediately contiguous to the line; you cannot see beyond it, and you are therefore ignorant of all that may be hidden from first sight. It is so, also, when one is walking or driving on Sixth and Minnesota streets, in St. Paul, past the elegant new business home of L. L. May & Company, the famous florists and seedsmen. The building occupied is four stories and basement in height, has a double frontage and a double entrance, and extends clear around the great New York Life Building, thus constituting a long and irregular L. The handsome modern offices occupy the entire first floor of the Minnesota Street side, while the Sixth Street entrance admits the public to the company's large and beautiful salesroom and conservatory. Here are cut flowers, palms, ferns, azaleas, hyacinths, daffodils, narcissus plants, and a thousand other lovely representatives of climes near and climes afar. Upstairs on the second floor is the mail-order room, where hundreds of thousands of catalogues are sent annually to every part of the world, orders being received from Denmark, Germany, China, Jamaica, Mexico, etc. Step across to the Minnesota Street side, on the same floor, and you find yourself in the packet room, where eight to ten million packets of seed are put up, assorted and bundled every year for store trade. The machine used in putting up these seed packets does the work of about twenty-five hands; for

the past two or three weeks it has registered nearly 2,250,000 packets. In this connection it is worthy of note that in the last few weeks the company's traveling representatives have booked orders for two to three million packets of seed, selling them to such well-known houses as R. H. Macy & Company of New York, Jordan, Marsh & Company of Boston, John Wanamaker and Strawbridge & Clothier of Philadelphia, and to about twenty more of the largest firms in Eastern cities.

Each floor has its uses and its busy occupants, but it is impossible to mention them in detail in so brief an article. On the fourth floor, however, one sees hundreds of bags of seeds of all kinds—choice seeds, such as have given L. L. May & Company a national reputation. The basement is filled with bulk seeds—for garden, field and farm—seed enough, it would seem, to supply half a dozen continents. The famous "Iron Age" garden tools are in evidence, also, and it is learned that these St. Paul seedsmen have secured control of them for the Northwest. Messrs. May & Company's enterprise never lags. They employ nearly 400 persons, keep about 150 men on the road, and cover every State in the Union and a big part of Canada.

Vehicles of Northwestern Make.

That the Twin Cities are now recognized as Northwestern headquarters for finished carriage products is a fact due largely to the reputation achieved by the H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company, whose extensive carriage

and wagon factory is located at the Minnesota Transfer, midway between the two cities. Perhaps no company in the West has been more careful of the quality of the goods sold by it. The H. A. Muckle Manufacturing Company do more than make vehicles; they make the very best vehicles that money can buy. Any concern can make a carriage; but when it comes to the making of the highest grade conveyances, such as will stand the test of wear and strain and use—such as call for superior skill, the best possible facilities and the choicest materials, then it is that the cheap concerns fail and the public learns the difference between a poorly-made vehicle and a first-class one.

The Muckle Company makes all kinds of conveyances. You can go there and get carriages, buggies, phaetons, surreys, spring-wagons, road wagons, delivery wagons, etc. These vehicles are all modern. Many of the improvements used in their manufacture are owned and controlled by the company exclusively. One great and very popular feature is the Muckle full-swing gear, while another is found in the now celebrated "Muckle" wheels used, which are so



light, so strong, so durable and so elegant that they are in demand everywhere. The company's new patent shaft and pole coupling is another striking improvement over old methods. Rubber-tired and ball-bearing wheels are furnished to order, and every vehicle can be depended on to give perfect satisfaction. It is a big plant, a complete plant, a Western plant, and its products are sold direct to Western consumers.

Over Twenty Millions for Advertising.

The average reader has little knowledge of the tremendous amount of work that is represented in the advertising columns of his favorite paper or periodical. Many of these advertisements were probably secured by the really few responsible advertising agencies, such as N. W. Ayer & Son, of Philadelphia, an agency that has been in continuous existence since 1869. Hundreds of persons have been induced to buy medicines and other goods just because they saw them advertised, but they do not know that the expert solicitors of some advertising agency may have been years in getting those concerns to venture into the advertising field. They do not know that these agencies place those advertisements in thousands of different newspapers, and that they keep a daily or weekly check on every advertisement run by them, and pay out the money therefor. It has become a great business, an intricate business, one requiring close attention and broad experience. Since its first introduction to the newspaper public, the firm of N. W. Ayer & Son has paid to publishers the enormous sum of twenty millions of dollars—all for advertising that has been placed by it. It is one of the oldest and most reliable agencies in America. Many times it has stood between publishers and serious losses. It has never tried to run away from its honest obligations. This method of doing business has made a host of friends for N. W. Ayer & Son, and, unless all



SCENE IN L. L. MAY & COMPANY'S BEAUTIFUL CONSERVATORY, ST. PAUL.



THE BIG WHOLESALE PAPER HOUSE OF WRIGHT, BARRETT & STILWELL CO., ST. PAUL, MINN.

signs fall, they are almost certain to experience as large a degree of prosperity in the future as they have in the past.

The "Nansen" Hanger.

The accompanying illustration shows the "Nansen" steel roll-bearing hanger manufactured by the Stowell Manufacturing & Foundry Company of South Milwaukee, Wis. It is called the "Nansen," because it is ahead of all other hangers. It is strong, simple, secure—undoubtedly the best all-steel roll-bearing hanger on the market. Interested parties can find out all about it by writing to the company.

This same company manufactures a line of hardware, registers and ventilators, gray iron castings, etc. The plant is one of the very largest in the West, occupying an immense area and giving employment to hundreds of skilled workmen. There is never any question about the quality of the wares turned out at these great works; the company is known from one coast to another, and its reputation is second to none. All goods made by the Stowell Manufacturing & Foundry Company are not only of

the highest grade, so far as quality and workmanship are concerned, but they also represent the latest and best inventions in modern mechanical construction. For instance, there are many hangers, but there is only one "Nansen" steel roll-bearing hanger. The company is never satisfied unless it leads. This is why it has achieved so great a popularity.

Minnesota's Banking Interests.

The condition of Minnesota State banks at the close of business on December 15, 1897, according to Bank Examiner Kenyon's statement, showed an increase of more than \$11,000,000 of money in commercial lines in the

short period of five months, the previous report having been made July 23. The other lines of resources which showed an increase were largely those of reserve, the increase having been over \$2,000,000. The total reserve in cash and due from banks was nearly \$30,000,000, as against a required reserve of about \$15,000,000, showing the banks to be in a strong position and prepared to further assist the business interests to any needed extent. Mr. Kenyon says:

"Minnesota enters 1898 with an assurance of prosperity based on increasing business in all legitimate lines and ample resources to assist all healthy enterprises. With unsurpassed fertility of soil, vast mineral and timber resources, great commercial railway and water lines, an enterprising and energetic population, her material progress is only to be measured by her past achievements."

A Popular South Dakota Hotel.

To anyone who has ever been in Watertown, South Dakota, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson are familiar. For more than seventeen years they have catered to the traveling public. Mr. Johnson is clearly identified with the development of the Sioux Valley; he has been one of the main-stays of those coming to this section of the Northwest for the first time. After all, the art of hotel-keeping lies in the honest endeavor to please, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have that art to perfection. Mrs. Johnson is a veritable mother to everyone who comes under her roof. Let one of "The Boys" be sick, or a stranger seem lonely, and she at once tries to do something for his comfort. The house is well appointed, its clerks courteous, and the cuisine is excellent. The Hotel Kampeska certainly deserves its present popularity.

Vast Coal Deposits.

The recently exploited coal-fields in the Crow's Nest Pass District are in the southern part of the country known as East Kootenai, Can. It was in West Kootenai that the great mining excitement prevailed during 1896 and 1897,

American miners gathering a veritable harvest of wealth for their enterprise in exploring and opening that region. The whole Kootenai District is beyond the Northwest Territory, extending some 300 miles north of the international boundary. East Kootenai alone is about two-thirds the size of the kingdom of Greece. Now that a railroad is being pushed through this terra incognita, a period of great development is anticipated.

The coal-fields are sixty miles southeast of Fort Steele and in proximity to Crow's Nest Pass. According to Doctor Selwyn, former director of the geological survey of Canada, these coal-fields contain 49,952 tons per square mile, and, with the deposits explored up to the present, there are about 150 square miles. The immensity of the deposits can hardly be realized. One seam of coal, from twenty to thirty feet thick, is 1,500 feet up the mountain across the face of an open sandstone cliff. The Dominion Government has reserved 50,000 acres, and 200,000 acres of the coal area are controlled by an association of Canadian capitalists and the Canadian Pacific Railway. When the output is placed on the market it must materially affect the price of the article, both east and west.—*Nelson (B. C.) Miner.*

Wealth in Butter and Cheese.

The Whatcom (Wash.) *Blade* says that only one-third of the 100 creameries in that State have reported the extent of their business in 1897, but enough has been definitely recorded to show that at least 2,250,000 pounds of butter and 600,000 pounds of cheese were marketed, an increase of about fifteen per cent over 1896. The butter and cheese products of the State in 1897 easily reach a value of \$500,000.

A Good Wheat Country.

The largest wheat crop raised in Gallatin County, Mont., the past season was that of Z. S. Morgan, who lives on the highlands overlooking Pass Creek. The crop was all winter wheat, and after reserving about two thousand bushels for seed he sold the remainder, which netted him a little over \$12,000. This, says the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, of White Sulphur Springs, Mont., is a pretty snug sum for one farmer to clean up in a year on wheat alone.

FREAKS OF NATURE.—A fine specimen of a white or Albino deer is on exhibition at Milwaukee. It was killed two years ago, near Augusta, Wis., by John King, who had it stuffed and mounted. White deer are freaks, pure and simple, and about them are woven many odd superstitions. Among Indians, especially, it has always been considered an ill omen to see a deer of this unnatural color.



HOTEL KAMPESKA, WATERTOWN, S. D.

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E. V. SMALLEY, — EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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A MONTANA LAND QUESTION.

An interesting new land question has arisen in Montana. It is proposed to bring influence to bear upon Congress to obtain a further donation of 900,000 acres from the Government in addition to the large grants already made for the benefit of the State institutions, and this proposition is coupled with a scheme of State legislation which will authorize the leasing of all State lands for pasturage at a rate not exceeding \$50 per section per annum. That old and influential agricultural paper, the *Rocky Mountain Husbandman*, opposes the whole project and brings many sound arguments to bear against it. The result would be, so the *Husbandman* thinks, to retard the settlement and development of Montana by putting large tracts of the best lands in the hands of cattlemen and sheepmen, whose interest it is to keep out farmers. The free open-range, argues the paper, is an advantage which the settlers of all the Far Western States have thus far enjoyed, and it is of great advantage to them. "As to which of these conditions—the ownership of land in small tracts by actual settlers who cultivate and till its surface and multiply its production, or the large ownership by men who simply hold its surface in large tracts for just what feed nature produces—is for the people to choose. We seriously doubt if in the end it will prove that the land-grant business as conducted is calculated to foster the agricultural interest of the State or lead to its rapid development. The State is not proposing to water a foot of these lands or do anything to bring them under the yoke of husbandry, but for the sake of the pittance received for rent, say \$50 per annum per square mile, would perpetuate the present semi-settled condition of the domain. If we see things aright, the State needs settlers, men to improve its lands and convert them into homes, to increase its taxable wealth, multiply its population and bring it under the yoke of husbandry, more than it needs large gifts of land, or even a rent-roll."

At present the new settler in Montana can usually find a location on some creek, where he

has a little bottom-land that he can irrigate at small cost, and where the uplands are all open around him for the grazing of his flocks and herds. If the land were leased to stockmen and fenced in, it would be very difficult for the farmer and small stockman to get a foothold anywhere. Montana needs more people who live upon the land. The present public land system is in many respects unwise, but it is better for the general interests of the State than would be any extensive system of leases that would fence the country in and discourage immigration.

THE DEEP WATERWAYS MOVEMENT.

It is not generally known in the West that a project is on foot to open a deep waterway from Lake Erie to the Atlantic as a business enterprise and without any aid in the way of money or bonds from the General Government. Canada has already chartered a company for this purpose, and the same company now asks similar charter rights from the United States. The route proposed is from Lake Francis, a widening of the St. Lawrence, across country to the lower end of Lake Champlain and thence by the lake and a deepened Whitehall canal to the Hudson. Of course, the first step would be to construct a canal around Niagara Falls. It is a curious fact that Canada has insisted that the canal from the St. Lawrence to Lake Champlain shall be built on a line considerably farther south than the shortest line surveyed by the engineers. The short line would leave Lake St. Francis at a point within twelve miles of Montreal and the Victoria Bridge, and as modern guns throw shells twelve miles, the Canadian statesmen do not propose that a waterway shall be opened which would enable our gunboats to shell their capital and to destroy their great bridge over the St. Lawrence in the event of a war between the United States and Great Britain. So, in their charter to the canal company, they have dictated a new route. The promoters of the canal company maintain that, with very moderate tolls on the tonnage that would pass through the canal, the enterprise will be an attractive one for capital.

There is, however, a rival scheme backed up by Buffalo influence and by the old Erie Canal ring. It is to unload the Erie Canal upon the Government, and have Congress appropriate money to deepen and to enlarge it. Buffalo is not willing to give up her profit on the transhipment and handling of our Northwestern grain bound to the seaboard, and does not propose, if she can prevent it, to allow grain-laden steamers to go past her doors on their way to New York. Her plan is to make a barge canal out of the old Erie ditch, but not a ship canal, and her newspapers are fertile in figures to show that a barge canal would be good enough to cheapen freights. The State of New York has just spent \$9,000,000 upon the Erie Canal, only to find that the money has been thrown away unless at least as much more is spent. The people of that State would be glad to have the United States take the old ditch off their hands and undertake the expense of enlarging and maintaining it. The United States commission of expert engineers has reported against the practicability of using the western end of the canal for a ship channel, and has recommended that either the route from Oswego to the Mohawk or that from the St. Lawrence to the Hudson by way of Lake Champlain be adopted. Here in the Northwest we should stick to our original demand that a deep-water channel be opened by the shortest feasible route through which a large grain-laden steamer can sail from Duluth to New York City. All other schemes should be antagonized.

AROUND RED LAKE.

The Crookston *Times* recently published an interesting article showing that around Red Lake, in Northern Minnesota, there are sixty townships of good agricultural land—an area larger than that of the State of Rhode Island—which cannot be settled by reason of the occasional overflow from the lake. The soil of this district is a deep deposit of vegetable mold, and is as rich as the soil of the famous Red River Valley.

"The reclaiming of this vast land," says the *Times*—"this rival in size of some of the Eastern States—and the fitting of it for home-builders and wealth-producers is a simple matter, and one to which the attention of Congress should be directed. The process is a simple one, and requires a comparatively small outlay of money. It consists in dyking the western shore of Red Lake for a short distance north and east of the outlet to a sufficient height to retain the waters.

"The result would be that the overflow would be successfully held back, and the lands would drain off earlier in the spring than almost any other portion of the Northern Minnesota territory, for it must be borne in mind that this is the highest point of land in Northwestern Minnesota. A glance at the map will show that the streams all head there and flow thence to the four points of the compass. It is nearly 1,200 feet above sea-level, and fully 300 feet above the altitude of Crookston."

We do not believe that Congress can be persuaded to appropriate money for adding to the agricultural area of Minnesota, but it is possible that it would turn over the overflowed lands as swamp-lands to the State, so that the State could reclaim them and reimburse itself for the expense by selling them. Minnesota has already reclaimed the wet lands of the Red River Valley by digging a number of short drainage canals, and could properly undertake the work of dyking Red Lake. Our State has already become a large land owner by acquiring considerable areas of old pine-land which the lumbering companies had allowed to be sold for taxes after cutting off the pine. We believe it would now be wise for the Legislature to establish a Land and Immigration Bureau to care for the real estate of Minnesota and to place settlers upon it. As long as the railroads are actively bidding for settlers, the State lands, which are not advertised, cannot attract attention.

THE SEATTLE, LAKE SHORE AND EASTERN RAILROAD.

About ten years ago the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railroad Company was organized by capitalists and business men in Seattle to build a line eastward from that city across the Cascade Mountains and through the new grain country of Eastern Washington as far as Spokane. Money was raised and construction begun from both ends. A good deal of vigor was shown by the company for a time, but it was not long before the prevailing depression made it impossible to sell any more bonds, and the project languished after about forty miles of road had been built from Spokane westward and about as many more from Seattle eastward. The company had acquired valuable terminal facilities in both cities, however, and was able to make a deal with the Northern Pacific to endorse its bonds and take over its lines. The Northern Pacific management abandoned the proposed line over the mountains and built a road northward to and across the British Boundary, connecting with the Canadian Pacific and thus opening a route from Seattle to New Westminster and Vancouver through a belt of country containing many fertile valleys and a great deal of good fir, cedar and spruce timber. Along

this road dozens of mills for the manufacture of cedar shingles were built, and many farmers settled along the bottom-lands, so that the line began to develop a fair local business. Besides, the line towards the mountains ended at a coal-field, from which large shipments were made regularly.

When the Northern Pacific went into bankruptcy, it was held by its lawyers that its endorsement of these bonds had lapsed. The bondholders took another view, however, and serious lawsuits were in prospect. The Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern, popularly termed the Seattle and Elsewhere, and lately reorganized as the Seattle and International, went into a receivership. Then the Canadian Pacific Company appeared as a would-be purchaser of the property. If it could be secured, that company would have its own entrance to Seattle, instead of coming in over the road of the Seattle and International, as it has been doing of late. A contest resulted between the two great transcontinental lines for the control of the property, with Wall Street as the field of strife. The result was a victory for the Northern Pacific, which has bought the bonds of the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern, and has re-entered into possession. This is a fortunate outcome, not only because the Northern Pacific secures a valuable feeder, but because, from a patriotic point of view, it is not a good thing to have the traffic of Washington drained off to support a foreign railroad which is in no way amenable to our Inter-State Commerce law and which lives largely on the business it takes away from our American roads.

CATTLE AND SHEEP IN MONTANA.

The Helena *Independent* says that, in the opinion of all well-informed stockmen, the range cattle industry in Montana has seen its best days. There is every indication that the business will be less in extent and importance during 1898 than it was last year. The State Board of Stock Commissioners, in its recent annual report to the governor, admitted that the industry was fast developing into a stock-ranching business, as has been the case in all the older States. Montana is still the greatest range State in the Union, but the day is fast approaching when the cattle business will be confined principally to the small grower.

This change, which was predicted many years ago in a report made by the editor of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE to the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, is by no means to be regretted, for it implies a better occupancy of the land for homes and better care for cattle. With the raising of forage crops in the irrigated valleys it is found profitable to take the steers off the open ranges and fatten them before shipping them East to market. More money will come into the State for cattle than ever before when the stockman keeps his animals within wire fences and feeds them during the winter instead of allowing them to rustle for bunch-grass on the bleak open ranges and to take their chances for life or death in every storm.

Paul McCormick, of Billings, one of the oldest stockmen in the State, discusses as follows the new condition of the cattle industry:

"It cannot be denied that the range cattle business in Montana has reached its highest point. From now on there will be a retrograde movement that, in my judgment, cannot be checked. It is a natural condition and one that was sure to come. It means, you might say, that the State is becoming more developed, for as the public lands are being settled the range is being decreased, and that has been going on to such an extent that the big cattle companies in many instances are having great

difficulty in finding feed for their stock. The result is that they are going out of business. Many of the big outfits that formerly ranged cattle in the eastern part of the State are preparing to close out entirely. The movement is not confined to Montana, for large companies that have operated across the line in Wyoming are going out of business also. One of the latter is the Western Union Beef Company, which, during the season recently ended, shipped everything it had to market. The outfit known as the Pitchfork Company, in Eastern Montana, has shipped all its stock to market and will not be in business during the present year. There are other companies doing the same thing, and the effect of this will be to reduce the shipments of range cattle from Montana next year.

"While the range industry must decrease in importance, that does not mean that the stock industry of the State as a whole will suffer. The small farmers will raise more stock than formerly, and in time the State will become much like Iowa or any other Western State, where stock-growers provide for their cattle as a necessary incident to the business."

It is interesting to note that while the range cattle industry is decreasing in importance in Montana, the wool industry is steadily growing. Last year over 24,000,000 pounds of wool were shipped out of the State, which brought to the growers over two and a half millions of dollars. The number of sheep in Montana is now about 3,300,000. The business of wool-growing is generally profitable under the new tariff, and the sheep are constantly crowding the cattle from the ranges. Evidently the days of the cowboy, with his pistol, his sombrero, and his prancing cayuse pony, are fast passing away, and on the vast range his place is being taken by the small stockman, with his fenced pastures and his permanent home, and by the sheepman with his faithful collie.

CANADA'S KLONDIKE REGULATIONS.

The regulations adopted by the Ottawa Ministry to govern placer mining in the Yukon region are highly unpopular with the miners who have risked their lives to go to that remote country and search for gold. The reservation by the Government of alternate claims is objected to more than the royalty tax on the gold mined, and now comes a large land grant to a railroad company which is going to absorb much of the best mining ground. We read a good deal of criticism on the Government policy in that sound and well-informed newspaper, the Winnipeg *Nor'-Wester*.

It is said that the Canadian Government realized about \$180,000 last season from its royalty tax, but it is not probable that this sum more than reimbursed it for its outlay in policing the region and securing an orderly state of society along the Yukon and its tributaries. Canada's frontier policy has always been more sensible than that of the United States. Its mounted-police system has proven, in many years of experience, to be admirably adapted to enforcing law and order in remote districts where settlement is new and sparse. The police enforce the decrees of the civil courts, keep the Indians in check, and afford protection to the lives and property of all good citizens. Their discipline is as strict as that of a regular army, and only intelligent and worthy young men are enlisted. In this country we let people rush into a new country and take care of themselves until they are numerous enough to organize some form of local government. Canada believes that every man is entitled to the protection of the law, no matter how far away in her vast Dominion he may go from established civilization, and this protection she assures to

him by her mounted police. The police follow the wandering fur-hunters and gold-seekers throughout all the vast Canadian Northwest. Volumes might be written of the courage, devotion and loyalty of this admirable semi-military body of men. If we had a similar organization in our own new mining regions, we would hear less of brutal strikes and the barbarous doings of Judge Lynch.

One of the Government regulations most complained of is that cutting down the extent of placer claims. The miners themselves had adopted regulations giving to each man a frontage of 500 feet on a stream for his claim. This the Minister of the Interior wants to reduce about one-half. The miners say that it is necessary in placer mining to have as much as 500 feet frontage to secure a sufficient fall in a ditch to wash the gravel in the sluice-boxes. All such matters can best be left to the good sense of the miners themselves, as was done in California in the early days of placer mining. Circumstances vary in different gold-bearing gulches, and the men who work a gulch can be relied upon to adopt such rules as will be fair to themselves and will prevent anybody from claiming too much ground. The miners' meetings which furnished law to the camps in California, Idaho and Montana, administered a rude but satisfactory kind of justice and seldom permitted any honest miner to be wronged. The system worked much better than could any arbitrary regulations emanating from a distant seat of government, and the Canadian ministry could study it with profit. All American miners speak well of the fairness and good order which prevail in the quartz-mining districts of British Columbia under Canadian rule, and we expect to hear similar reports from the Yukon as soon as Canada gets that region well in hand.

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILL.

They say 'tis haunted; children rush
At nightfall past its gaping door;
For if they pause in twilight's hush
They hear strange footfalls on the floor.

Weird faces peer from out the gloom,
The dead hold their reunion here;
And lights in every hollow room
Are seen to gleam, then disappear.

It stands against a background dim
Of forest trees, with leafage thick;
The roof is warped, moss-grown and grim,—
Its walls of mellow brown are brick.

It has a fruitful orchard near,
A greensward sloping towards a rill;
Still, few would care to loiter here
By this old house upon the hill.

A lonesome, eerie, sighing sound
Creeps through the opening overhead;
A sigh so dismal, so profound,
As if the old house mourned the dead.

The sunlight takes a sadder tinge
Here than it does in places bright;
A shutter moves on creaking hinge,
And puts the birds to instant flight.

And yet, although so sad and still,
A place where spirits love to roam,
The gaunt old house upon the hill
Was once a cheery, happy home.

I see it now in memory's glass—
A tall, proud mansion, stern, yet gay;
With pretty games upon the grass,
And rosy children there at play.

I see it, too, at eventide,
And hear a gush of music sweet;
I see its glowing fireside,
And catch the sound of little feet—

The father with his paper, there.
The mother with her knitting, here,
And out upon the dusky air
The shouts of children drawing near.

I watch them come—a girl and boy,
Past yonder gray and silent mill,
And in their eager, panting joy,
Rush to this old house on the hill.

MRS. N. B. MORANGE.



It is misleading to publish, as some of the newspapers do, the very big figures of the acreage of public lands still unclaimed in the State of Washington, without explaining that nearly all these lands are covered with forests or lie in districts where there is not enough rainfall for farming. Good farms can be made by clearing off the timber, but the settler who goes into the plains regions should take careful note of the annual rainfall or should get under a good canal where water can be had for irrigation. The great unoccupied areas in the Columbia basin are all too dry for farming without irrigation.

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E. B. NORTHRUP, of St. Paul, who brought the Montana sapphires into notice and who is now introducing in Chicago and New York the beautifully colored indurated clay stone found near Townsend, in Montana, has a theory that all the gold in the world was originally formed from silver during the glacial period by extreme cold and great pressure. He has great faith in the success of the New York doctor who is at work transmuting silver into gold, and who, he says, is doing a good business by converting a few ounces every day with a small apparatus. That doctor is a menace to the silver party. In the end he may turn all the silver dollars into twenty-dollar gold-pieces.

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THE Central Washington railroad, which starts at Cheney on the Northern Pacific and runs westward through the Big Bend Country to the Grand Coulee, is reported to be in the market. It was built by the Northern Pacific, but was dropped by that company when the bankruptcy came, and thrown into the hands of its bondholders. It is said that the Great Northern is thinking of buying it. The road does a good business when there is a big wheat crop in the Big Bend Country, but in a short crop year its traffic is very light. It has the weakness of all roads that run through a one-crop country. In time, however, there will be diversified farming and a denser population along its line, and its earnings ought to increase from year to year. It drains all the best wheat country between Spokane and the Columbia River, and hauls a good many cattle and sheep. It was built before the Great Northern got into Eastern Washington, and it picked out all the best country, leaving for the other road only the drier regions.

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THE Northern Pacific has declared a second dividend on its preferred stock of one per cent, and its present earnings warrant the opinion that it has now reached the position of a safe and permanent dividend-paying property. The net earnings from last July to December 31 were \$6,940,000, and, after deducting fixed charges and the dividends paid, it appears that with a very low estimate of earnings for the second half of the fiscal year there will be a surplus of \$440,000. In the recent statements of the company there are some interesting facts showing the wisdom of the grade reductions and the increase in engine power effected under the receivership. Although there was a gain over the preceding year of twenty-one per cent

in gross receipts, the freight-train mileage—that is to say the number of miles traveled by freight trains, decreased 114,677 miles and the passenger-train mileage 185,649 miles. The actual ratio of operating expenses to gross earnings has been reduced to forty-seven per cent, which is probably as low a figure as has ever been reached on any first-class road.

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THE St. Paul *Daily Globe* recently passed into the control of Geo. F. Spinney, formerly of the *New York Times*, who is reported to have the financial backing of J. J. Hill and Crawford Livingston of this city, and of William C. Whitney of New York. It is announced that the paper will still advocate the gold standard. I hope that J. G. Pyle will be retained in the editorial chair. Mr. Pyle and his associate, P. J. Smalley, are two of the strongest writers on the Western press. The editorial page of the *Globe* has always been worth reading. There is good sense, good argument and patriotism in its articles. Possibly the purchase of the paper is a part of the plan of the Eastern Democratic leaders to rescue the party from Bryan's control before the convention of 1900. The silver men of the State had formed more than one scheme for buying it, but they could never raise the money. The *Globe* has not been a good property since Lewis Baker dropped it. No doubt its weakness financially comes largely from the fact that politically and intellectually it is a long way ahead of the element of readers which its politics gives it the right to look to for support. Still, we must remember that the only daily papers in either of the twin cities that have made any money since the collapse of the boom have been the evening papers.

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SPEAKING of the *Globe* reminds me that I lately met in Washington City its former editor, Lewis Baker, who had just returned from his four years of exile as minister to two or three of the petty Central American republics. He looks a good deal older than when he left St. Paul, and he said that he was glad to get back to a country where a man can sit down to dinner without having a stream of perspiration running down his backbone all the time he is eating. He describes the atmosphere of Managua, where he lived, as like that of a Turkish bath the year round. Life was not altogether disagreeable, however, for he had a good salary, and he escaped the period of bank failures and general business depression at home. Mr. Baker has brought back some large financial schemes to present to capitalists.

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THE Northern Pacific has bought the one-half interest of the Union Pacific in the Montana Union Railroad, which runs from Butte to Garrison with a spur to Anaconda, and will hereafter be its sole owner. This little road was built in 1885 by the two transcontinental lines jointly, and gave to Butte and Anaconda a connection with the Northern Pacific. A few years later, the growing importance of the Butte business led the Northern Pacific to construct a line across the Rocky Mountains from Logan, on its main line, near the Three Forks of the Missouri, to Butte. It thus secured two lines over the mountains, one by way of Helena and the Mullan Pass, and the other by way of the Homestake Pass and Butte, converging at Garrison. The operation of the Montana Union in partnership with the Union Pacific has never been very comfortable or satisfactory, however. It is a question, now, which of the two Rocky Mountain lines will in future be treated as the main line. Butte probably gives the Northern Pacific five or six times as much freight traffic as Helena; but Helena is the capital, and its people have always been strong friends of the

old pioneer road. The Butte route gets over the Main Divide without any tunnel, whereas the Helena route has a tunnel a mile long which has been expensive to keep in shape. Neither route has any advantage over the other in distance or grades.

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THE Hunt system of railroads in the Walla Walla Country of Washington has been purchased by the Northern Pacific of its owner, Charles, H. Wright, of Philadelphia. This system aggregates about 200 miles and connects with the Northern Pacific at Wallula, on the Columbia River. It reaches the towns of Walla Walla, Pendleton, Dayton, Waitsburg and a number of smaller places in the great wheat belt which lies south of the Snake and Columbia rivers. It was built about ten years ago by G. W. Hunt, who was ambitious to extend it to tide-water at both Portland and Gray's Harbor, but who got into financial straits so that his roads were finally taken on a mortgage by Mr. Wright, who has operated them of late as feeders to the Northern Pacific. The system is competitive at nearly all points with the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's lines, but so enormous is the wheat yield of the regions it penetrates that both companies have been able to make a good showing of income, although the grain rate has come down to about one-half of the figures formerly charged by the O. R. & N. In fact, Hunt was induced to build by the complaints of the farmers of high rates. By this purchase the Northern Pacific secures a good property and keeps it out of the hands of its rivals. The price paid is said to be \$2,500,000, and the money comes from a surplus of bonds reserved under the reorganization plan of the Northern Pacific for new branches and extensions. The old organization of the Hunt lines, under the name of the Washington and Columbia River Railway Company, is retained and a new board of directors has been elected composed mainly of Northern Pacific officials in St. Paul and Tacoma.

A SIMILE.

Through rocky crevices trickling down
The mountain's rugged side,
Or yet, mid banks of leaf and fern,
The rippling rill doth glide.

By shaded nook and dark ravine,
Where dampening mosses cling—
Threading its way alone, unseen,
A tiny, eager thing.

The mighty torrent gives no heed
To one of such degree,
But hastens on, with quick'ning speed,
To swell a heaving sea.

His giant tread is heard afar,
As, down the mountain's side,
In wild and unrestrained desire
He moves with vigorous stride.

He heeds not danger's warning breath,
But, with one mighty bound,
He braves the chasm's yawning depth,
And speeds to vales beyond.

Onward the rill its even course
Pursues with quiet grace,
Gathering along its path new force
To fill its destined place.

With ever constant, widening flow
It presses till, at last,
From out the rocky cleft below,
In bubbling beauty, bursts

A living stream of waters free,
Refreshing to the sight,
Aslant whose face the western sky
Pours down its golden light.

So we our mission must fulfill,
In God's appointed way;
Subservient ever to His will,
We'll reach the brighter Day.

Olympia, Wash. S. MARIA ROBERTS.



There will always be men to whose distorted vision the world is a whirlpool of iniquity and lacking entirely in wise and efficient government. They are well-meaning men, too; although, as a rule, the line of policy marked out by them is one upon which they have traveled but a short distance and must, therefore, be more theoretical than practical. "Parasitic Wealth," by John Brown, is a "manifesto to the people of the United States and to the workers of the whole world," and deals with many of the questions which have for years agitated the minds of would-be Socialistic and Populistic reformers. But Mr. Brown discusses his subjects with a great deal of intelligence and dignity, and his book is worth reading if only to see by what means he proposes to emancipate the world. There is a lack of consistency in his arguments, however. While frankly admitting that to wage war against millionaires, trusts, etc., is senseless, he nevertheless saddles upon them all responsibility for existing social conditions, as between the rich and the laboring classes. He denounces unemployed wealth, but overlooks the fact that there are numberless shiftless, parasitic and unproductive men in the country who toil not, neither do they spin, no matter what opportunity offers. He fails to see that the general condition of the working classes is infinitely better today than it was in the past—that they are better housed, better clothed, better fed and better educated than they ever were, and that the open road to competence and independence has never been barred. He believes in Henry George's single-tax theory, and in the potency of Unionism and the polls. A few of his economic views are entitled to serious consideration, but his theories as a whole will be passed by as impossible of realization.—Charles H. Kerr and Company, Chicago. Price, \$1.

* * *

The genius of Napoleon and his matchless capacity for war are shown clearly and concisely in a recent volume entitled "The Campaign of Marengo," by Herbert H. Sargent, First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., author of "Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign." When Bonaparte returned from Egypt in the fall of 1799 and had become First Consul of France, he found the French Republic in a deplorable state and facing the combined powers of England, Austria, and the smaller principalities dependent upon them. How he placed the nation's finances on a firm basis, crushed out the civil war, restored French confidence and patriotism, organized a powerful Army of Reserve, crossed the Alps and won a great victory in the very shadow of defeat, are events faithfully told and critically reviewed by Lieutenant Sargent in his "Comments." The tragedy enacted so heroically by Massena at Genoa; the prescience with which Napoleon viewed the fields of conflict and prepared to win them; his judgment of men and his ability to select the fittest for the special service demanded, are all illustrated so plainly and vividly, and in such simple language that, it requires no knowledge of military technicalities to enable one to glean from them the story

of Napoleon's might in war. The author is a competent critic. He seems destined to be to the army what Mahan is to the navy. His comments are modest and soldierly, yet show plainly that they result from a profound study of the subjects treated.—A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago. For sale by the St. Paul Book & Stationery Company. Price, \$1.50.

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Ten years or more ago there was published in THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE a single stanza, under the title of "Aloha" (Hawaiian for "love to you"), which was written by Lieut. W. E. P. French of the Third U. S. Infantry, a gentleman of finished culture and author of a number of poems of great beauty and merit. The verse was set to music by Madame Paternotte, daughter of Mr. Francis Elverson of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and wife of the French ambassador, and the song met with decided success. Today we are in receipt of a new song under the same name, but with two additional stanzas by the Lieutenant and original music by Miss Margaret Townsend, a daughter of the late well-known counselor, John D. Townsend, of New York. The composition is dedicated to Signor G. Tagliapietra, the world-famed baritone, and during the holidays it was sung by him at a chamber concert before many of New York's musical and society notables, on which occasion it created quite a furore. The words of the song are reproduced, by permission of the author, in another column of this magazine.

* * *

The thirty millions of people that dwell in the basin of the Mississippi River system will read with interest a recent publication by the U. S. Department of Agriculture on "Floods of the Mississippi River." It was prepared, under direction of Willis L. Moore, chief of the weather bureau, by Park Morrill, forecast official, in charge of the river and flood service. The effort has been made to cover briefly the entire regimen of the river, both in its normal condition and in flood. The physical characteristics of the Mississippi basin and river have been reviewed, and the best data available as to area of watersheds, dimensions and slope of the main stream and its tributaries, are given, largely in tabular form, convenient for reference. The work is illustrated with numerous maps, charts and engravings, and will prove of great value to those who care to study the annual rise and fall of the Father of Waters and its chief feeders, the volume of discharge, the drainage throughout the basin, etc.

* * *

In "The Protestant Faith, or Salvation by Belief," by Dwight Hinckley Olmstead, students of theology will find much food for thought. It is a "liberal" argument against some of the tenets of the Protestant Church—especially the doctrine of justification by faith as preached by Luther. 'Salvation,' he says, 'is not a proper incentive to the performance of duty: the theology that looks to the mere salvation of the soul, whether from punishment or from sin itself, can be defended neither on principle nor, paradoxical as it may seem, on the plea of expediency; certainly not, if he be the happiest who is the most virtuous.' It is a calm, scholarly criticism of orthodoxy, not at all calculated to arouse that bitter antagonism which so often results from similar discussions.—G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

* * *

"All's Right with the World," by Charles B. Newcomb, is a volume of earnest, thoughtful essays devoted to the interpretation of the inner life of man, the power of thought in the cause and cure of disease, and the inculcation

of the optimistic philosophy of daily life known as "The New Thought." Mr. Newcomb is well known as a contributor to current publications, and there has been a repeated call for a volume containing his articles and essays. The chapters in this volume center about the thought that the pessimism of the day is ill-founded; that we have misinterpreted the times when we have called them "out of joint;" that we must re-examine life from a broader point of view; that by so doing we shall discover that our sufferings were not so great as we imagined, and that our remedies are fully equal to the ills which once seemed overwhelming.—The Philosophical Publishing Company, Boston. Price, \$1.50.

* * *

"Inside figures" are always interesting, and the following are certainly some striking ones about *The Ladies' Home Journal*. During 1897, 8,183,113 copies of this magazine were printed and so thoroughly sold that the latter-year issues are entirely out of print. It consumes 3,434,362 pounds of paper in a year, and absorbs 30,902 pounds of ink. It runs twenty-eight presses. The advertising columns contained \$498,325 worth of advertising during the last year. The editors received 9,290 manuscripts, and less than one per cent were accepted. The magazine employs twenty-two staff editors. It has educated 442 girls free of charge under its free educational plan. In a single day it has received as high as 18,000 subscriptions; 300,000 copies are sold each month on the news stands alone, and 425,000 people subscribe for it by the year.

* * *

"Current History" for the third quarter of 1897, published by the New England Publishing Company of Boston, only confirms our past impression of the value and great convenience of this unique work. All the leading topics of the quarter are recorded briefly yet intelligently and with accuracy, whether they concern America, Europe, or other portions of the world. The new Klondike gold-fields are mapped and described, the Eastern situation is treated, the Cuban outlook receives proper attention, and all other topics, from religion to science and necrology, are given space in this up-to-date history of the progress of events. Price, \$1.50 per annum, or forty cents per copy.

"ALOHA!"

In the sweet Hawaiian language,
"Aloha" means "love to you!"
'Tis the tender salutation
Of dear friends, and their adieu;
Joy of meeting, grief of parting,
Lovers' message from afar:
So, I give the name to you, dear,
"Aloha!" "Aloha!"
As I give my love to you, love,
"Aloha!" "Aloha!"

When between us, my beloved,
Stretch the long and weary miles;
When your heart longs for your lover,
And your mouth forgets its smiles;
I will look up to the sun, dear,
And each radiant, golden bar,
Swift and warm shall take my message,
"Aloha!" "Aloha!"
And shall bring my love to you, love,
"Aloha!" "Aloha!"

When the dreamless sleep comes to me,
And life's sun is in eclipse;
When love's last, most holy kiss, dear,
Falls upon my pulseless lips;
Listen, in the midnight solemn,
And from out some far-off star,
'Spite of Death, my soul will call you,
"Aloha!" "Aloha!"
Love will bear my love to you, love,
"Aloha!" "Aloha!"

W. E. P. FRENCH, Lieut. of Infantry, U. S. A.
Fort Snelling, Minn.



Wisconsin.

Menasha will soon have a sulphite mill.

Four shingle-mills are to be erected in Marinette at once.

A new \$25,000 schoolhouse is in prospect for Sheboygan.

Highland's new Catholic church will cost about \$15,000.

A \$50,000 high-school building will be built in Waukesha next summer.

Stevens Point is to have a new \$10,000 Baptist church, built of stone and brick.

The American Cereal Company contemplates establishing a cereal mill at West Superior.

Arrangements are being completed for the establishment of an envelope factory in Appleton.

The foundation for the Beach Hotel at Pelican Lake is in and work was begun on the structure March 1.

It is probable that Eau Claire will construct a steel bridge, with iron piers, over the Chippewa River. It would cost \$60,000 to \$60,000.

The normal school building at River Falls will be two stories high and cost \$33,000. It will be 100x171 feet in dimensions, and be constructed of brick and stone.

The new creamery and cold-storage plant of Potts, Wood & Co. at Appleton is completed. The product is treated to a pasteurizing process and is mostly marketed in Chicago. About 20,000 pounds of milk are received daily at the factory.

Capitalists have subscribed \$300,000 and organized a stock company to carry on the manufacture of farm implements at Marinette. The big plant of A. W. Stevens & Company at Auburn, N. Y., is to be removed to this Wisconsin city. The factory buildings will cover fifteen acres. Upwards of 300 hands will be employed.

Minnesota.

A flour-mill is talked of for Stewart.

Jordan will have a 125-barrel flour-mill this spring.

Faribault's improvements in 1897 reached a total of about \$200,000.

Atkin will soon have a \$7,000 flour-mill. Its capacity will be 100 barrels daily.

Mankato is to have a new hardwood factory. All kinds of hardwood fixtures will be manufactured.

A fine two-story and basement stone and brick store building is being built in Albany. It will cost \$10,000.

Lots of building is projected for Little Falls this spring, including several two-story brick business blocks.

The most important interest at Stillwater is the lumber and logging business. There are eight sawmills there, producing 200,000,000 feet of lumber every year.

The Stewartville Times says that everyone is expectant and enthusiastic over the promised erection of six brick blocks there this spring. That will certainly be a proud record.

Wadens, a good point for a sash and door factory, is to have a large one in operation as soon as buildings can be put up. It will give employment to a number of men, and supply a local need.

In 1897 the Shafer co-operative creamery shipped 4,530 tubs of butter. It received 5,985,372 pounds of milk, which contained 230,536 pounds of butter. It paid to the patrons during the year, \$42,383.25, or an average of eighteen and one-half cents per pound.

At the recent convention of the National Creamery and Buttermakers' Association, held in Topeka, Kansas, the first prize for the highest grade butter was

awarded to Sam Hougdaal of New Sweden, Minnesota, whose score was 98 per cent out of a possible 100. The second prize scored 97½ per cent and went to Iowa. There were 500 entries.

There is an epidemic of hospital building in the State. Perham is to have a \$3,000 hospital, Albert Lea's will be erected as soon as the frost is out of the ground. Red Wing is to have a large modern hospital, and Wadens has adopted plans for a building to cost \$25,000. It is getting so that nearly all towns of any size in the Northwest think it imperative that they should have efficiently conducted local hospitals.

North Dakota.

Steele will have a new State bank.

Hillsboro men will invest \$6,000 in an egg-case factory.

Northwood parties wish to form a stock company for the erection of a \$15,000 hotel.

Lidgerwood and Church's Ferry have both voted bond issues for new and substantial schoolhouses.

The new Gethsemane Episcopal church at Fargo will cost not less than \$20,000. It will be built of stone.

Fessenden will soon have a co-operative creamery. The News is pushing the enterprise along with its accustomed vigor.

The Sheldon Progress says that indications point to another substantial building boom there this year—comprising stores and residences.

Grand Forks capital will at once begin the erection of a handsome hotel to take the place of Hotel Dakota, destroyed by fire. It will cost about \$100,000.

The First National Bank of Hillsboro sold a half-section of land for \$7,200, or \$22.50 per acre. The land is eight miles from the nearest market, contains no improvements whatever, and is in stubble.

If the present plans of many citizens are carried out, there will be more new buildings erected and more substantial improvements made in Church's Ferry in 1898 than in any year in the history of the village.—Church's Ferry Sun.

One day's sale of Northern Pacific lands in Stark County at Dickinson amounted to 3,200 acres. The sales in January were 12,000 acres. Most of the purchases are made by farmers and small cattlemen who have taken up Government land.—Jamestown Alert.

The fine range country in western Stutsman County is attracting the attention of stockmen. The Jamestown (N. D.) Alert says that a St. Paul man has decided to start a big cattle-ranch there and to begin with 500 head. He will locate near Medina this spring, on Northern Pacific land.

South Dakota.

A creamery is to be established at Forestburg and another at Wessington Springs.

Salem's new Catholic church will be constructed of red granite and will cost \$20,000 completed.

The bill appropriating \$150,000 for the erection of a branch soldiers' home at Hot Springs has passed the Senate.

New placer deposits have been found on Spring Creek in the Black Hills. Tests show ten to fifteen cents of gold per pan.

It is said that some good discoveries of marble have been made in the Black Hills, near Custer. One grade is reported white and clear.

A new banking house is to be started at Woonsocket. W. A. Loveland of Sioux City furnishes the capital. It will be incorporated as a State bank.

Gettysburg expects to experience a building boom this spring. A new opera-house, a large addition to the Dakota House, and several business houses are assured.

Sioux Falls takes just pride in its elegant new opera-house. It cost \$60,000, and was erected by Boston capital. Patterned after the Empire Theater of New York City, it has a 72x32 stage and will seat 1,200 persons. It is modern in every particular.

The creamery industry in South Dakota shows no signs of abatement. Many new creameries will be built the coming season. Within two years it is probable that the State will have few if any superiors in the quantity of high-grade butter produced.

Montana.

Lewistown's new school buildings will cost \$17,000.

The county of Deer Lodge is to have a new \$100,000 court-house.

A fund of \$10,000 has been raised to erect a 100-barrel flour-mill at Livingston.

The Libby Montanan says that there is every probability that a smelter will be built there this year.

Missoula is having a lively and substantial growth. Many new buildings have been erected, and others are to be built.

A new bank, to be capitalized for \$50,000, will be established and opened for business at Basin about April 1. Basin is also to have an electric lighting plant.

The production of the Anaconda properties for the year ending Dec. 31, 1897, was 131,471,127 pounds of copper, 1,156 pounds of gold, and 36,500 pounds of silver.

Chestnut, on the Northern Pacific and about eight miles east of Bozeman, is one of the most prosperous coal camps in the State. Many local improvements have been made there the past four years.

A new 500-ton concentrator for custom work is being erected by the East Helena smelter people. It will give employment to a large number of men, and be of great encouragement to the State's mining industry.

The Clancy Miner says that all the mining districts tributary to Clancy are being worked, several mines in each district producing ore, some of which will run well in gold. The Warm Springs District, particularly the middle fork of that large field, is showing up remarkably well just now in every mine being operated.

There is a report of a very rich strike of ore in the Gold Flint mine in Sylvanite camp in the Montana Yahk District. It is said to average considerably over \$100 per ton. It is galena, and the lowest and highest assays have been 90 to 130 ounces of silver, 20 to 60 per cent lead, and 7 to 26 ounces of gold. The mill handles 60 tons per day.

For several years past, says the Miles City Journal, there has not been so promising an outlook for needed public improvements in Miles City as now. Four large buildings, all more or less of a public character, are scheduled for erection at once, the work to commence as soon as the season will permit. These are the hotel, at a cost of \$25,000; the Ursuline Convent, to cost \$8,000 or more; the Fireman's hall or opera-house, at about \$6,500, and the Darnall Hospital, estimated at about \$4,000. Many new residences are contemplated, also.

Idaho.

Another saw-mill is to be built at Post Falls.

The Moscow Mirror says that efforts are being made to organize a joint-stock co-operative company to build, equip and run an evaporator or drier for the coming fruit interests of that immediate vicinity. It says that an evaporating plant or drier is a necessity and would bring good returns.

The Genesee News says that few communities can boast of raising more wheat than the Genesee Valley. According to statistics prepared for the railroad company, it is learned that the production of the cereal in the vicinity of Genesee for 1897 is placed at 800,000 bushels. The acreage of grain for 1898 will be fully up to last year.

The Consolidated Tiger Poorman Mining Company in the Cœur d'Alene District has issued its 1897 report. During ten months of operation 91,089 tons of crude ore were mined, which produced 15,819 tons of concentrates worth \$431,879.87, above all charges. The expenses of the past year, including \$15,000 for new machinery, foot up to \$292,835.78, leaving a net profit of \$139,044.00. The company is free from debt, and a dividend was paid March 1.

The Mullan mill of the Morning and You Like mines, on which some \$75,000 were spent last year in improvements, is now one of the two largest mills in the Cœur d'Alenes. The shipments of concentrates for 1897 averaged not far from 100 tons per day, and it is estimated that the profits are between \$30,000 and \$40,000 per month. So well satisfied have the owners been with their success that they have not hesitated to purchase the Black Bear mine and mill and will endeavor to make Canyon Creek duplicate their Mullan undertaking.

Word comes from Florence that a rich strike has been made in the Mikado mine in Baboon Gulch. This gulch was famous for its placer diggings in early days, when a single yard of gravel yielded \$4,500. At the

bottom of a fifty-eight-foot shaft ore was encountered running \$1 per pound. The ore is free-milling and highly oxidized. Superintendent Bishop says that with a hand mortar enough gold can be pounded out to pay all the running expenses of the mine. The rock is literally covered with free gold representing a glistening appearance to the naked eye. The ore is being sacked and stored awaiting the coming of spring, when a mill will be erected.—*Butte Western Mining World*.

Oregon.

According to the *Portland Oregonian*, the valuation of property in Portland for taxable purposes amounts to \$40,000,000.

The Albany woolen-mill has passed into the hands of a strong company and will be operated on a larger scale than ever before.

Work will begin at once on the big sugar factory at La Grande. The main building will be 228 feet in length. The machinery has been ordered.

The Standard box factory of Portland has booked an order for 400,000 boxes for San Francisco; it recently filled an order for 20,000 tea-boxes for China.

Many car-loads of mill machinery are en route to Baker City to equip Baker County mines. This indicates that the gold output of Baker County will be increased.

It is reported that the Cudahy Packing Company, of Chicago and South Omaha, one of the biggest concerns of the kind in the country, is about to establish a branch packing-house in Portland.

The Oregon Lime, Plaster & Cement Company's works, on Burnt River, five miles west of Huntington, on the O. R. & N., which were destroyed by fire last year, are to be immediately reconstructed.

Oregon's output of dairy products for 1897, according to reports gathered by the *Portland Oregonian*, consisted of 7,906,701 pounds of butter, valued at \$1,999,675.25, and 888,744 pounds of cheese, valued at \$97,761.84, or a total of \$2,474,370.00.

Washington.

Whatcom has a woven-wire bed factory.

Centralia will have several new business houses this year, and probably a fine opera-house.

The Everett paper-mill is running full crews night and day and filling large coastwise and foreign orders.

Garfield, according to the *Enterprise*, needs more business buildings to accommodate the present growth. It proposes to build them, too.

A Tacoma outfitting house is kept so busy supplying goods for Klondikers that it now runs night and day, employing two details of clerks.

The *West Coast Trade*, of Tacoma, says: "With her advantages in production, Washington hopes one day to rival any of the States in her output of butter and cheese."

The Everett smelter has completed what is stated to be the largest ore roaster in the world. Its capacity is seventy-five tons of rebellious ore daily. The smelter's output for 1897 is placed at \$1,700,000.

Colfax is more prosperous than ever before. The local banks report \$653,000 on deposit, and the demand for stores is brisk. Half of last year's wheat crop in that section is said to be still in the farmers' hands.

The Walla Walla *Statesman* says that the outlook for that town the coming season is very bright. There are several large business blocks in contemplation, and the additions to the residence portion of the city will be greater than for years.

The shipments of lumber products from the State of Washington during 1897 were valued at \$9,065,308 at the mill. With freight rates added, the total will not fall far from \$16,000,000. The value of the shingle shipments alone footed up \$4,042,405 at the mill.—*Seattle Lumber Trade Journal*.

The Pacific Sheet Metal Works, of San Francisco, will establish a \$75,000 factory at Fairhaven for the manufacture of tin cans for fish, fruits and vegetables. The extensive salmon-canning operations in Whatcom and neighboring counties has led to the use of many million cans annually.

The *Seattle Times* says: "Every day there is accumulating evidence that after the Alaska boom has had

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SPOKANE, WASH.

its run untold riches will be taken out of the mines of Washington. O. J. Collins of Bossburg, Stevens County, is in the city for a few days and says that development is going steadily along on the mines of Stevens County. "There are," said he, "probably 200 men at work near Bossburg this winter. In Stevens County and on the Colville Reservation fully 2,000 claims are being worked, and all are showing up well."

Mining men around Spokane predict that the Eureka camp in the Colville Reservation will be a second Cripple Creek this year. The greatest mine there is the Republic. The property has never been boomed, as there is no stock for sale, but conservative mining men say that it is one of the greatest gold mines ever discovered on the Pacific Coast.

A glance through the columns of Washington newspapers shows that more new buildings are under construction and improvements in progress than at any time in several years. As an example, the last issue of the *Blaine Journal* shows work inaugurated on additions to three business houses, a new residence being built, and a saw-mill enlarging its capacity.—*Tacoma West Coast Trade*.

Canadian Northwest.

It is said that the silver-lead Enterprise mine in the Slocan District, B. C., has been bonded to an English syndicate for \$450,000.

One of the latest industrial concerns organized in the city is that of the Canadian Produce and Packing Company, with a capital of \$100,000. They will run a pork-packing and beef-killing factory, and deal in produce of all kinds. Large buildings will be erected this year.—*Winnipeg Free Press*.

The Rossland (B. C.) Miner says that Rossland has passed out of the shack and frame-house stage of her existence and has now reached the brick-block era. This is because of the flourishing condition of her mines, the permanency of her output, and the high consideration which the larger capitalists are evincing in her undeveloped properties.

The Winnipeg Free Press says that the real estate market of that city has not been in so healthy a state since 1882 as it is today. Several large transactions have been recorded since the 1st of January, and quite a number of deals are pending. The investments being made are nearly all in property within the business portion of the city. Building also promises to be unusually active this year.

News comes from Rossland of the purchase of the Columbia and Kootenay mine for \$275,000, by the British America Corporation. Next to the War Eagle deal, this is the largest sale ever consummated in the camp. The mine is equipped with a plant valued at \$20,000, consisting of a 30-drill compressor and three 125 horse-power engines. The property consists of four claims—the Columbia, Kootenay, Copper Jack and Tip Top, and the Kootenay fraction.

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People frequently hear of orphan children, and even of orphan chickens, but few people, probably, have ever heard of an orphan railroad. Yet there is one right on the outskirts of Duluth. It is only a few miles long, but it once served a celebrated purpose. Now it is an orphan, and when railroad men speak of it they call it "the orphan." Orders come flashing over the wires from the dispatcher's office instructing such and such cars to be sent in on "the orphan," or that such and such cars be pulled out of the orphan and sent elsewhere. And the orphan never complains. It has dropped into obscurity and is a neglected and despised thing, yet the orphan once stood for all that the Northern Pacific represents in its thousands of miles of track, its rolling-stock, docks, and land grant. Its half-dozen miles of hastily-constructed track formed the legal connecting link in the sale of the Northern Pacific system less than two years ago, and was built for no other purpose. The six miles of road were practically completed before it was generally known that it was built by the Northern Pacific, and railroad men, after asking each other what to call the mysterious road and getting no satisfactory answer, finally dubbed it "The Orphan." And that is the name it is known by to this time.

The birth of the orphan, the Duluth (Minn.) *News Tribune* says, was one of the most interesting chapters in the railroad history of this section. About two months before the sale of the Northern Pacific road a company of civil engineers appeared five miles west of South Superior and began running lines westward to Walbridge. The engineers were quickly followed by a large gang of graders. After the graders came the ties and rails. All was hurry and excitement. Nobody, apparently, knew what it was all about. It was agreed that it looked very much as if the improvement was making by the Northern Pacific, but there was no apparent cause for all the rush and excitement. It began to look as if the Great Northern was going to parallel the Northern Pacific. Everybody was guessing, and nobody guessed right. The newspapers were interviewing every railroad man that came to town. They all professed to have no idea who was building the new road, and in most cases it is probably true that they did not know. F. W. Wilsey, at that time superintendent of the Northern Pacific for the Lake Superior division, knew all about what was going on, but till the new road was almost completed it is believed that he was the only Duluth man that was in the secret.

One day a big man dressed in mackinaws and wearing a three-weeks' growth of beard rushed into the Northern Pacific office in this city, says the *News Tribune*, and said he wanted a work-train and crew right away. He did not care much what it cost, but he had to have the train and the crew without any delay. Chief Clerk Pattibone was in a quandary. Superintendent Wilsey was out of town, and Mr. Pattibone wired him the demand of the stranger. Mr. Pattibone knew where the stranger was at work, but he did not dream that it was of any interest to the Northern Pacific, and consequently he did not feel the sympathy for the stranger's demands that he might otherwise have experienced. He decided to wire Superintendent Wilsey, and did so. The answer was evidently satisfactory to the stranger, for he got the train and the crew. This incident redoubled curiosity regarding the mysterious railroad project. Every few days the Northern Pacific employees were shocked at the familiarity of the promoters of the new road. They finally gave up the task of ascertaining the

name of the new road, however, and called it "the orphan."

The orphan was built to pave the way for purchasing the Northern Pacific system when it should be sold. The Northern Pacific Railroad Company was organized to purchase the Northern Pacific Railroad Company's property. The former had no mileage of its own, as required to procure a charter, and so it built and operated the half-dozen miles now known as "the orphan." The orphan was the whole thing for a few days, and then it ceased to be noticed. Nobody respects it now, despite the once prominent figure it cut in the affairs of one of the greatest railroad systems on the planet. The railroad orphan has no standing beyond that of a particularly long side-track.

LOST IN THE MOUNTAINS.—Two men who started on an expedition into the Nehalem Mountains, Ore., not long ago, managed to lose themselves for nine days, and nearly lost their lives. They went three days without food. A severe storm, the dangers of an unknown range, together with thirst and hunger, rendered their condition critical, and it was by the merest luck that they reached a settlement where succor was afforded.

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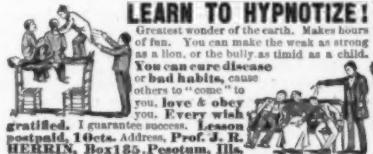
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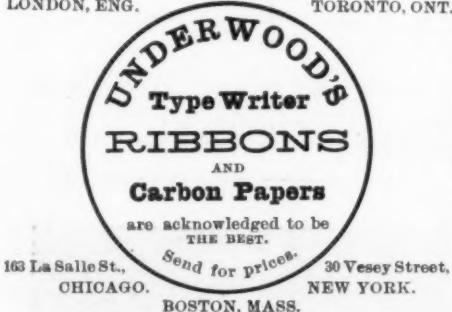
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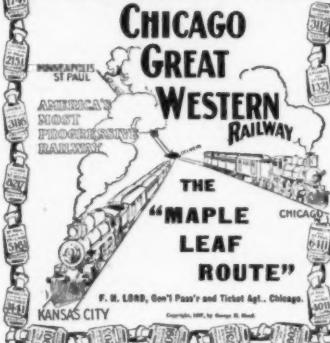
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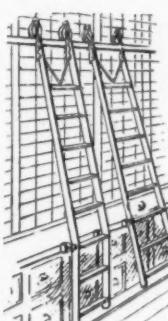
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Write for CATALOGUE to the manufacturer,

JOHN CALANDER,
148 E. 8th st., St. Paul, Minn.

**GLOVER'S NIGHT-ROBES**

THE BEST FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN.
Ask your dealer for them.

CANVAS YARNS AND EMB. MATERIALS. All Thread or Fabric in Cotton, Wool, Silk or Linen for Emb. work, Emb. Books, Stamping Powders, Crochet Moulds, Lustrous Crochet Threads; largest variety in the city, also all Cross-Stitch Emb. Materials. Send stamp for price-list. PETER BENDER,
(ESTABLISHED 1860.) 111 East 9th St., N. Y.

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BEADS AND LACE BRAIDS.

**RAND, McNALLY & CO.'S**

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—OF—

Every State and Territory. Revised to Date.

PRICE 25 CENTS EACH.

For sale everywhere.

RAND, McNALLY & CO., Publishers,
CHICAGO and NEW YORK.

RHEUMATISM

Permanently cured by using DR. WHITEHALL'S RHEUMATIC CURE. The surest and the best. Sample sent free on mention of this publication. THE DR. WHITEHALL MEGRIMINE CO., South Bend Indiana.

WASHINGTON'S "LITTLE HOLLAND."

In this great Western Country, where there is so much wild land, where millions of acres of soil have never felt the touch of the ploughman's share or the keen edge of the woodman's ax, it does not seem that it would be necessary to reclaim land from the sea to obtain acres for cultivation. But that has been done; and in Skagit County, almost in the very northwestern corner of the State, can be found scores of the finest ranches in the world, lying behind dikes built to keep out the sea and the overflows of the Skagit River, the largest stream that empties into the sound.

This is the veritable Holland—of Washington, says the Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer*. In Skagit County are situated the famous Swinomish flats, the Beaver marsh, the Olympic marsh, and the Samish flats, all surrounded by dikes ranging in height from two to fifteen feet. There are tide-gates along the seashore which act automatically and which drain the land so perfectly that crops are raised on land below the sea-level with safety. And such crops!

For ages the big river has been bringing down from the hills the richest sediment, and there is really no bottom to the soil. If a farmer in the East plows a little too deep, he turns up clay or rocks; if the Beaver-marsh rancher holds his plow handles too high, he simply digs up more of the rich loam that raises, every year, without fail, such crops that the old ranchers of other sections cannot believe the stories. One hundred and twenty-five bushels of oats to the acre, a ton and a half of hops, or five tons of hay, are common yields, while all sorts of root crops give equally large results.

In order to plow his land, which, of course, is soft and spongy, the ranchers often put "tuley" shoes on their horses, the shoes consisting of wide wooden blocks to prevent the animals from sinking into the loam.

There are at present eight diking districts in the county, and nearly every ranch of any size is in one or another of these districts. Fully 100 miles of dykes are in use in the country, and many of them are used also as roads. Very picturesque are these embankments in many places, as they wind around through the trees. When the Skagit is having a freshet, as was the case recently, the people turn out to watch their dikes, and, by repairing them, save their lands from inundation. Sometimes a very high tide will go over a dike and cover a number of ranches with salt water. If the water does not stand too long, this does no particular damage.

As there is nothing but sand and black loam to construct the dikes of, no permanent work has ever been done, and cannot be until the river is so improved that it has a reasonably straight channel to the sea. Five or six forks or mouths discharge the water into the sound, and the delta thus formed is excellent farming land. If the water should be confined to one channel, thousands of acres of land would be reclaimed and the danger of overflow be reduced to a minimum. By this improvement a magnificent navigable river, teeming with fish and flowing through a wealth of timber and mineral land, would be opened up and would provide employment for countless numbers of people.

If any resident of Washington has never seen the verdant fields of the Skagit flats, let him go up and take a look at them. It will pay him, if he wants to know all about the resources of his State. If he cannot afford to take that trip, and wants to see some of the products of those diked fields, let him go down among the commission houses in Seattle and look at the hay and oats which are brought from that favored region in steamboat loads.

The only failure of crops ever known there is when the dikes break and the growing grains are ruined with water.

CLOTHING SALESMEN WANTED.



The above photograph was sent me by one of our salesmen, Mr. C. M. Talbot, of Yreka, Cal. It shows him at work taking orders from his customers.

Mr. Talbot's sales have run over \$1,500 per month; his earnings over \$300 a month.

Hundreds more are doing just as well. We merely show this picture and statement of his business as he chanced to send us this picture.

YOU CAN DO THE SAME THING AT ONCE, OUR MEN HAVE NO COMPETITION.

WE WILL PAY YOU \$1,500 PER MONTH, AND \$300 A MONTH EARNINGS, AND WE WILL PAY YOU \$500 PROFIT ON EACH ORDER.

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REPRESENTATIVE NORTHWESTERN JOBBERS, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

NOYES BROS. & CUTLER,*Importers and***Wholesale DRUGGISTS,***Jobbers in*

Paints, Oils, Glass, Chemicals, etc.,

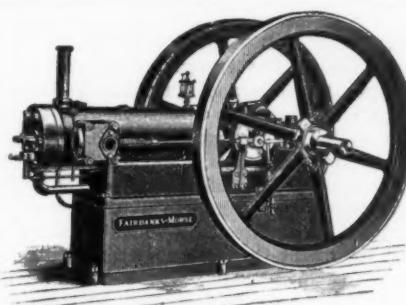
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Wholesale****DRY GOODS and NOTIONS.***Cor. Fourth and Sibley Streets,*

ST. PAUL, - - - MINNESOTA.

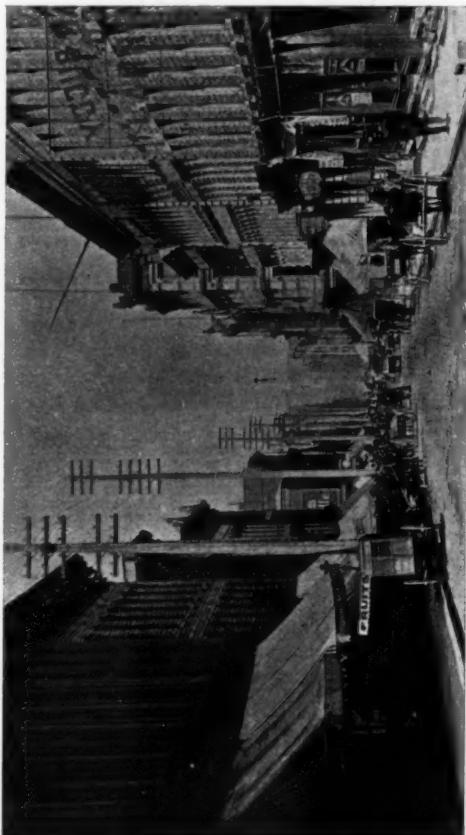
**FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.,**

ST. PAUL, MINN.

Fairbanks-Morse Gas and Gasoline Engines,
Fairbanks' Standard Scales,
Fairbanks' Galvanized Steel Wind-Mills
and Galvanized Steel Towers.
Railway and Contractors' Supplies.

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Art Engraving Co.,146 East Third St., 2d Floor,
ST. PAUL, MINN.Designers and Photo Engravers.
Perfect Half-Tone Plates.**BRAMBLETT & BEYGEH,****Engravers.**OFFICES:
ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

A GLIMPSE OF COMMISSION ROW IN THE WHOLESALE DISTRICT ON THIRD STREET, ST. PAUL.

Printing,
Lithographing,
Bookbinding, Engraving,
Electrotyping, Legal Blanks,
Office and Bank Supplies,
**PIONEER
PRESS CO.**

We can do anything in this
line, and at lowest prices.
Send to us for estimates.
70 to 80 E. Third St.
ST. PAUL,
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HOTELS:We can supply you with any Cuts
in the Meat line,**FRESH, PICKLED or SMOKED.**Fresh Meats shipped in Refrigerator Boxes.
We Manufacture**ALL KINDS OF FINE SAUSAGE.**

Get our prices.

L. EISENMAYER MEAT CO.,
Packers of Beef and Pork,

ST. PAUL, MINN.

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STEEL BEAMS

IN STOCK.

Architectural
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Iron Work.Low Prices. Quick Deliveries.
Write us for Prices.**ST. PAUL FOUNDRY CO.,**

ST. PAUL, MINN.

TO RECONSTRUCT DULUTH HARBOR ENTRANCE.

Major Clinton B. Sears, United States engineer at Duluth, has let a part of the work of rebuilding the ship-canal entrance to Duluth harbor. The contracts will extend over several years, as the job is a very large one. On Jan. 15 bids were opened on a section of the work which involves the construction of the superstructure for the south pier. Both piers are to be rebuilt eventually, thus widening and generally improving the harbor entrance on a big scale. The entire length of the new south pier, which will be built first, will be 1,722 feet. The superstructure for this pier, on which work will begin early next spring, is to be completed Dec. 1, 1899, and will consist of timber cribs filled with stone and gravel, resting on piles cut off twenty-two feet below low-water datum. The top of the cribs are to be one foot below low-water datum. They are to be twenty-four by thirty-six feet and are to be built in lengths of fifty and 100 feet. These cribs are designed to support a massive superstructure of concrete masonry reaching ten feet below low-water datum and having a width of twenty feet at the base, with larger dimensions at the pier-head in the lake end of the structure, where the crib will also be larger—thirty-six feet wide and 100 feet long, and finished with a cut-water point. The new pier will be situated about 100 feet south of the present pier. With a shore end beginning at the Government harbor line, it will pass through Minnesota Point a distance of about 600 feet and thence out into the lake about 1,100 feet. The westerly 442 feet of the pier will curve to the south on a circular arc of 790.18 feet radius. The cribs are to be provided with an armor of one-inch steel plate to a depth of seven feet below the top along the channel face. A trench is to be dredged in which to place the cribs for the whole length of the pier to a depth of twenty-six feet.

An idea of the extent of the work as a whole may be gained from the following summary of approximate quantities of material contained in the specifications pertaining to the 1,722 linear feet of pier cribs: Oak timber, 222,168 feet; pine or hemlock timber, 3,766,208 feet; number of bearing piles, 2,745 feet; steel plates, 1,039,190 pounds; rivets, 23,182 pounds; machine bolts, 158,147 pounds; drift bolts, 545,824 pounds; cast washers, 42,527 pounds; cast block, 200 pounds; all this exclusive of rock and gravel. Then, in accessory work, the following are the approximate quantities: Pine or hemlock timber, 545,783 feet; round piling, 390 in number, 16,380 linear feet; flattened piling, 960 in number, 30,960 linear feet; drift bolts and boat spikes, 51,327 pounds; machine bolts, 14,690 pounds; cast washers, 5,000 pounds; rock for canal and protection piers, 30,000 tons; gravel for same, 10,000 cubic yards; gravel for stock-pile, 15,000 cubic yards; dredging, 72,000 cubic yards; timber taken up and rebuilt, 20,000 feet; piling taken up and redriven, 3,000 linear feet. Provision is made for deductions if the work is delayed, and for extra compensation for completion of the work in advance of the time specified.

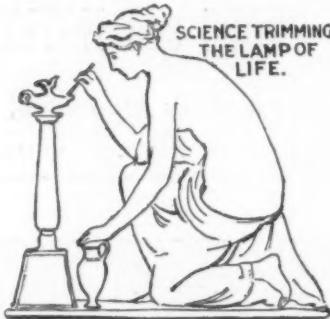
There is strong probability that a large twine and liner goods' factory will be established soon at Salem or at Portland, Ore. It is said that abundant capital is offered, and that the plant is as good as secured. Should this prove true, it will be a positive blessing to Washington and Oregon farmers; for it has been demonstrated time and again that no better flax can be raised in the world than that grown in the States named. Linen-mills would give rise to a new and exceedingly profitable industry. It would be diversification in the right direction.

FREE TRIAL TO ANY HONEST MAN.

The Foremost Medical Company in the World in the Cure of Weak Men Make this offer.

Happy Marriage, Health, Energy and Long Life.

In all the world today—in all the history of the world—no doctor or institution has given health, success and happiness to so many men as has the famed **ERIE MEDICAL CO.** of Buffalo, N. Y.



This is due to the fact that the company controls some inventions and discoveries which have no equal in the whole realm of medical science.

So much deception has been practiced in advertising that this grand old company now make a startling offer.

They will send their magically effective appliance and a month's course of restorative remedies positively on trial, without expense, to any reliable man.

Not a dollar need be paid until results are known to and acknowledged by the patient.

The Erie Medical Company's Appliance and Remedies have been talked of and written about till every man has heard of them.

The highest medical authorities in the world have lately commended them.

They possess marvelous power to vitalize, develop, restore and sustain.

They create vigor, healthy tissue, new life.

They stop drains that sap the energy.

They cure all effects of evil habits, excesses, over-work.

They give full strength, development and tone to every portion and organ of the body.

Failure impossible, age no barrier.

This "Trial Without Expense" offer is limited to a short time, and application must be made at once.

No C. O. D. scheme, nor deception; no exposure—a clean business proposition by a company of high financial and professional standing.

Write to the **ERIE MEDICAL COMPANY**, 66 Niagara Street, Buffalo, N. Y., and refer to their offer in this magazine.

FAST TRAINS
NORTH,
EAST,
SOUTH,
WEST,
Between
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE
and
ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,
ASHLAND and DULUTH,
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CENTRAL
LINES.

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The Finest Train on Earth
IS THE
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is LIQUID FOOD,
easily digested, naturally vigor-giving,
refreshing. Contains no drugs, does
contain pure, nourishing food, together
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tonic, hops. Banishes indigestion,
nervousness, invites profound, restful
sleep and puts
energy in your
nerves and muscles
and flesh
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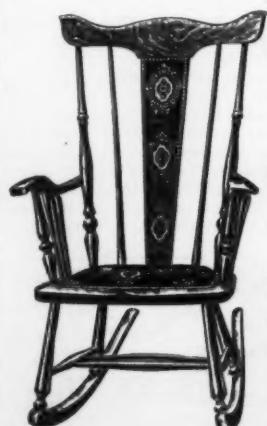
"Wait! Hold on, for heaven's sake!" cried
George, as Amelia was bound to salute
him in the usual way.

He extracted two cigars from the up-
per left-hand pocket of his vest and laid
them on the piano.

"Now, then," said he, "come to my
arms!"



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HE LIVED UP TO INSTRUCTIONS.

"While up in Iowa on the last trip," tells a traveling man whose name is a synonym for veracity, "I had an odd experience. I was a little too short on cash and long on transportation, so I sold one of my mileage books to a big, strapping Westerner who was coming East. I instructed him how to use and sign my name, and how he must stick to his story if any conductor became too inquisitive."

"The next night I got into a sleeper that lay at the depot and was sound asleep long before the train was made up. It was the conductor who awakened me as we were bowling along over the prairie, asking me for my name and ticket. I rolled over with a groan, dug into my vest pocket, told him that my name was on the ticket, and then signed it. After one glance, he said:

"Here, young fellow, that don't go. I just got this name on one mileage book. There are not two of you aboard this train, and I'm not going to risk my neck by pretending to haul two of you, each claiming a name like that. If it was John Smith, or even John

seems to have got a little the worst of an encounter at wit. Some time ago the book agent persuaded the attorney's wife that she needed a copy of the book he was offering for sale. The price was \$2.50, and, thinking she might not find it convenient to pay the amount when the book was delivered to her,—at least, preferring to let her husband foot the bill,—she ordered that the book be delivered at the latter's office. After thinking the matter over and discussing it with her husband, the lady concluded that she had no earthly use for the book, and that it would be \$2.50 thrown away; so she told her husband that if he could get out of the contract, when the book was tendered, she would feel greatly relieved. The other day the agent called at the attorney's office to deliver the book.

"Are you Mr. So and So?" inquired the agent, with a fixed smile, as he entered the office.

"I am," responded the attorney.

"Well, I have brought a copy of a book your wife subscribed for and ordered delivered to you," and with that he placed on the attorney's desk a volume as large as the report of the Congressional investigating committee.

"Oh, yes! Mrs. — told me about this. But, say, we have no more use for that book than a lady with a new bicycle has for a walking-hat. It is just like throwing \$2.50 away."

"Well, Mrs. — subscribed for it, and I ordered the book and have it on my hands."

"Oh, but the publisher will take it back if you cannot dispose of it."

"Well, I handle the books on commission, and could get nothing for my trouble."

"But you make lots of money. You must make a very large commission. It is a very large book."

"No, sir; my commission is very small; it is only fifty cents on each book."

"Well, here; I'll pay you your commission and we'll let it go at that," and the attorney handed over half a dollar.

"But—"

"Now, see here; I've given you your commission, and the publisher will take the book back if you don't sell it; so you have no reason to complain," interrupted the attorney, as the agent hesitated about accepting the coin.

The agent pocketed the piece of silver and walked slowly through the door, evidently figuring out the difference between the commission he was entitled to and the amount which he received.

DAN FLOWEREE'S BET.

"Talking of Judge Miracle's impressions of New York, Boston, and Chicago," said an old timer last week, "reminds me of an experience Dan Flowerree had in the early days."

"A stranger came to town one day, fresh stains of travel still visible on his *tout ensemble*. He had been away and got back again. Flowerree met him and was interested in hearing about his travels.

"Where've you been?" he asked.

"Down'n 'Frisco," said the traveler. "Great place, 'Frisco is. Biggest city in the world."

Flowerree winked at me. "Watch me lay him out," he said, aside. "He thinks he knows something about g'g'aphy. Don't give it away, but I've been in St. Louis myself, and I know that's the biggest city on earth."

"'Frisco," he said, turning to the other, "ain't the biggest."

"I've been there," was the warm reply, "and I guess I ought to know. I say it is."

"So the argument waxed warm. Flowerree wasn't telling anything about having been to St. Louis, but was quietly keeping the interest up until, finally, the traveler wanted to bet.

"Go you \$200," he bantered.

"Done," said Flowerree, who was waiting for that, with a big wink at me. The money was put up with another young man who happened to be there, and they went out in search of authority. The camp was divided, and one man said that in his opinion Liverpool was bigger than either. Pending the arrival of a geography or a copy of the census in the gulch, the stakeholder skipped out and the question was never, so far as I am advised, finally settled."—*Helena (Mont.) Independent*.

Mature Malden (timidly, to frosty old bookseller)—"I wish to know if you have 'Love's Labor Lost'?" "Bookseller—"No, madam; but I have 'While There is Life There is Hope'."

Jones, I might wink the other eye, but this is too clear. I insisted that I was the genuine article and that any other man claiming my name was a base imitation. The conductor left me and soon returned with the long, raw-boned chap that had bought transportation of me. He lived right up to the instructions I had given him. He didn't know me from a buzzard. I was a counterfeit and a fraud. He volunteered to throw me through a window while we were going thirty-five miles an hour. I had our signatures compared with the original, and his looked more like it than mine did. He even accused me of stealing the book from him. The conductor couldn't be induced to drop the thing, and I was forced to put up my gold watch to stay aboard.

"When we were alone, the Westerner laughed until I thought he'd throw the train off the track, and then he let me have the cash to redeem the watch. He got all the satisfaction he wanted in assuring me that he allus was the cussedest bluffer that ever shuffled a deck. I wouldn't have felt safe if I hadn't sent him back his money."

CAUGHT HIM NAPPING.

A leading attorney of the city had an amusing experience with a book agent recently. The Seattle (Wash.) *Post-Intelligencer* says, in which the latter



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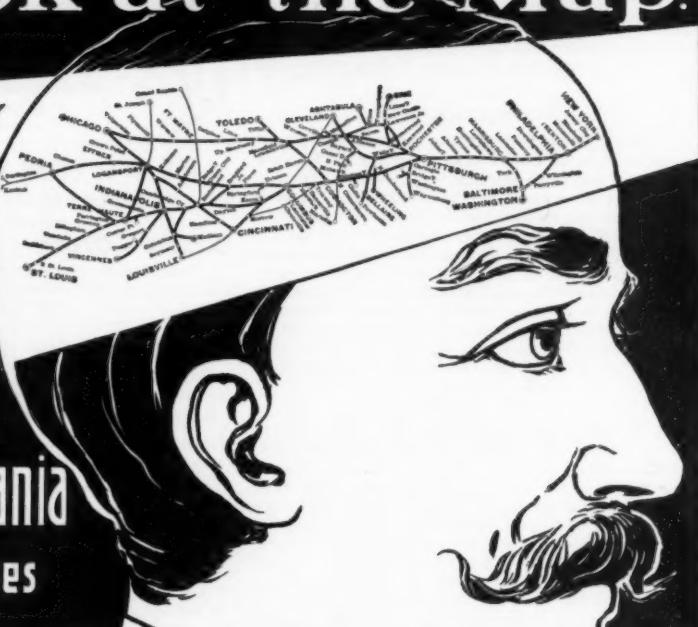
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She Sold the "War Cry."

There was a quiet little game of poker being played in a certain barroom in Rossland recently, when one of the lady Salvation Army soldiers walked in and offered the *War Cry* for sale. A jack-pot was on. The soldier insisted upon the players buying her paper. A Swede had picked up three aces. He said:

"Lady, I dank I buy a paper if I win des har yak pot."

She did not want to take chances on his winning, so he exhibited his three aces to her and said:

"What you dink on das 'and? You dink I going to win?"

The lady said she was not up on the game, and couldn't say. The cards were played and the Swede ran up against a full hand, and, of course, lost, whereupon he turned to the soldier and said:

"I not buy de *War Cry*. I gan brok."

The winner came to the rescue, however, and bought the paper, while the soldier shouldered arms and departed.—*Rossland (B. C.) Record*.

"As Ithers See Us."

The December number of THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE is an unusually bright and interesting one. The magazine is a true Western and Northwestern review, giving, by illustrations and descriptions, a full history of this great region which is so constantly ignored by the Eastern publications. It is as finely printed as the *Century*, or *Harpers'—Bozeman (Mont.) Avant Courier*.

That splendid publication, THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, is as bright and full of interesting reading for February as any of its preceding numbers. The frontispiece in the February issue is a decidedly interesting article, finely illustrated and of special interest to the people of Puyallup and the Sound Country.—*Puyallup (Wash.) Independent*.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for February is full of reliable articles on the Northwest Country far and near, covering twelve States in its work, and giving the reading public such information of this wide country as no publication has done before.—*Ohio (Ill.) Herald*.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh asthma and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Blk, Rochester, N. Y.

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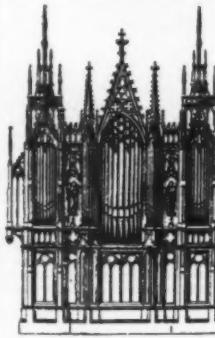
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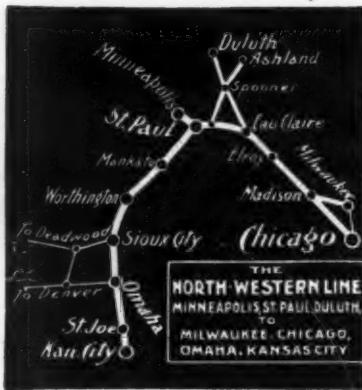
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X CHICAGO.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

ALASKA'S AERIAL TRAMWAY.—The aerial tramway over Chilkoot Pass, in Alaska, is said to be completed. The company's system is a railroad from Dyea to Canyon City, thence a system of aerial tramways over Chilkoot Pass to Lake Lindemann. This marks a new era for Klondike travel. It is claimed that the time between tidewater and the headwaters of the Yukon is shortened from a month to one day, besides removing peril and hardship.

VALUABLE FOX PELTS.—A lumberman who winters at Wood River, Idaho, is very fond of trapping fur-bearing animals and spends a good deal of his time in that manner, setting his traps every night and inspecting them every morning. The other morning he found a silver-gray fox in one of his traps, and succeeded in killing it without spoiling the fur. These foxes are very scarce, their pelts being worth all the way from \$125 to \$150 per pelt. They are cunning, unusually suspicious, and do not seem to breed rapidly—reasons which probably account for their rarity.

IN THE FAR NORTH.—On the sand-hills along the Assiniboine can be found some strange plants and bushes. The dwarf-birch is very common; the creeping juniper abounds, and the evergreen vines are covered with purple berries that will remain all winter. There are also large beds of the evergreen known as Labrador tea. Immense quantities of this plant are found on the shores of Hudson's Bay, and at one time formed an article of export to England. Tea made from the leaves is very good and tastes not unlike the article of commerce, and has the flavor of green tea.—*Winnipeg (Man.) Colonist.*

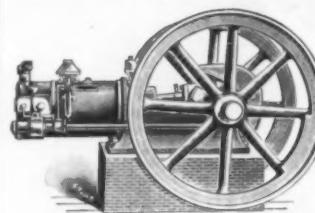
AN ICELANDIC LAD'S STRATEGY.—An Icelandic lad, whose home is near Bru, in Manitoba, has trained an ox which accompanies him when he approaches flocks of wild geese for the purpose of shooting. The ox is so tractable that he obeys every command, although given in a very low voice, and keeps constantly between the boy and the geese until the flock is within easy range. One day recently, says the Cypress River *Western Prairie*, with the assistance of the ox the boy shot thirteen large geese, and almost every morning he succeeds in capturing a number, for there are many flocks on the big grain-fields.

A BIG ENGINEERING FEAT.—The *Fargo (N. D.) Forum* says that the Northern Pacific has an interesting feat of engineering in hand in connection with the big Missouri River bridge at Bismarck. The bridge is one of the largest in the country, resting on three piers. The east pier has slid from its original location a distance of several feet, owing to the sand shifting beneath the foundation. Laborers are constructing a new foundation at a depth of seventy feet beneath the level of the river, and the entire pier, weighing about 2,000,000 pounds, will be moved bodily from the old to the new foundation. The bridge will be supported by temporary trestle-work, while the operation of moving the pier is in progress, and the work of removal will, it is said, be accomplished in a few minutes, without any material delay of traffic.

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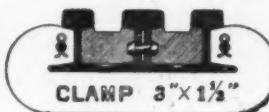
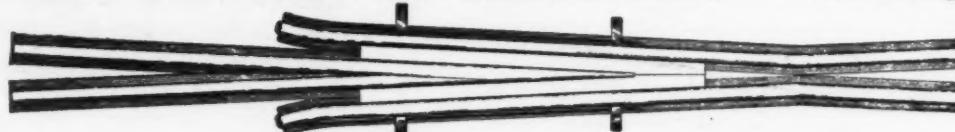
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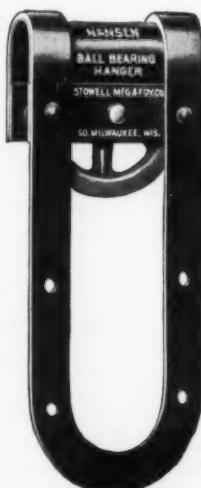


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"Ah," said the salmon, shudderingly, as he slipped back into the river; "I really feel uncanny."

He—"I hear Mrs. Oldgirl is to marry Tommy Small." She—"Is that so? I wonder if he knows it."

The tombstone is about the only thing that can stand upright and at the same time lie on its face.

Maud—"Why do you call that ring a war relic?" Ethel—"Because I won it in my first engagement."

Tommy—"Uncle Bob, what is a pedestrian?" Uncle—"He's the fellow who makes a row when a bicycle runs over him."

Smith—"My wife makes a little money go a long way." Tomkins—"So does mine; she's always subscribing to the savages in Africa."

Johnny Smart—"There is a big difference between my teacher and a streak of lightning."

Mrs. Smart—"How so, dear?"

Johnny—"Well, he always strikes in the same place, and lightning doesn't."

Pompous Author (to veteran editor)—"What would you advise a man to do whose ideas are in advance of the times?"

Veteran Editor (promptly)—"I would advise him to sit quietly down and wait for the times to catch up."



IN A RAILWAY OFFICE.

"Can I speak with the president of the road?"

"Well, you see that is very difficult. He does not come to the office until nearly twelve, and right after twelve he goes to the club to lunch, and he seldom comes back the same day."

Daughter—"How would you define repartee?" Father—"Repartee, my girl, is the brilliant remark you don't think of in time."

Cholly—"The aim of my life is to have another good day's shooting."

Bob—"It will be the aim of your life all right if you hit anything."

Tom—"Aha, John! Heard about China?"

John—"No; what's the manner with China?"

Tom—"Well, China will soon be all she's cracked up to be, betcher life!"

Nelly—"They tell me big sleeves are going out."

Harry—"Well, I'm glad to hear it. I live in a flat, and when my wife and I spend an evening together I have to sit out in the hall."

Friend—"Hello, baby! Tootsey-wootsey, goo-goo, does oo speak?"

Precoocious Baby—"Shut up, yer old hammerhead! Talk English, will yer?"

Judge—"Holm, the officer says you were drunk and disorderly. What have you to say?"

Holm—"Ol was dhrunk, your honor, but Ol was too dhrunk to be disorderly."

"Darling, please answer me," he fairly moaned as he stood in the center of the parlor. "I am on the rack."

"So's your hat, you idiot! So's your hat!" shouted the irate old gentleman who was waiting for him to go.

Weary Walker—"Why d'yer objec' ter drinkin' dis triple-X ale?"

Sorry Sawyer—"Dem X's remind me too much of de sawbucks I bucked again' las' summer."

Talented Boy—"Papa, may I get my paints and paint a picture?"

Practical Father—"Not now, my son; but you may get some lime and whitewash the cellar."

Jimson—"So old Mr. Brown is married at last?" Benison—"Yes; it's a furriner, I heard."

"A foreigner? Oh, no; she's an English lady."

"Well, I heard as how she was a Tartar, anyway."

"What is that long piece of writing, papa? Is it poetry?"

Papa (hastily replacing it in his empty pocket-book): "Y-yes, dear; it is an owed to your mother's dresser-maker."

"Mr. Showman," said an inquiring individual at the monologue, "can the leopard change his spots?"

"Yes, sir," replied the individual who stirs up the wild beasts; "when he is tired of one spot he goes to another."

Mrs. Burnham—"Here's an item in the paper to the effect that women are now wearing shirts made of paper."

Mr. Barnum—"Why? Do paper ones cost more than the other kind?"

Jack—"I must give her up. I can never marry a girl who stammers."

Fred—"Why not?" "Why not? Do you think it's pleasant to be called 'Ba-Ba-Bob,' or 'Rah-Rah-Robert?'"

Smith—"I was reading in the paper this morning about a Texas man who was struck by lightning while he was swearing. Remarkable occurrence, wasn't it?"

Brown—"Oh, I don't know. If lightning was to strike a Texas man while he wasn't swearing it would be much more remarkable."

Bronson—"That was a queer inscription Enpeck put on his wife's tombstone."

Longnecker—"What was it?" Bronson—"Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have lost at all."

Pastor—"It would surprise you to know how much counterfeit money we receive in the contribution boxes in the course of a year."

Thoughtless Friend—"I suppose so. How in thunder do you manage to get rid of it all?"

"Go to!" exclaimed the patriarch Laban, with some heat.

"Can't do it!" answered Jacob, decisively. "I can't go two, but I will go you one on it, if I lose."

Then those two Israelites

put up a heifer apiece on the number of calves that would be pied and the number that wouldn't.

Every student of legerdemain will remember how Jacob got ahead of the old man.

Mirthful Son—"Say, dad, when my hair is ripe will it fall off like yours?"

Facetious Dad—"It will, my boy, it will; but ripe hair never yet grew on a green gourd. When you want to know anything, my son, always come to your papa."

"Ye know Casey, the contractor?" said Mr. Dolan. "Ol do," replied Rafferty.

"Is he what ye'd call reliable?"

"He is the most reliable man Ol ever knew. Whiniver he tells ye anythin' ye kin depind on it's not bein' so."

"Hello, Molke! an'waz yes out wid the boys, an'wan av them gave yes the black oye!"

O'Callahan (indignantly)—"Arrah, no! It takes a better man than any av the boys around here to give me a black oye! Ol got this wan foightin' wid the ould woman."

(Lady enters barber-shop with a skye-terrier)—"Mr. Barber, can you cut my doggie's hair?"

"No, I can't; or, rather, I won't."

"Indeed? You seem to hold yourself pretty high for one in your position."

"Perhaps I do, but I'm no sky-scraper."

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WASHINGTON for	-	-	\$3 to \$10 per acre.

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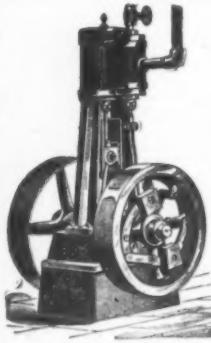
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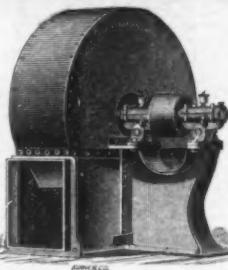
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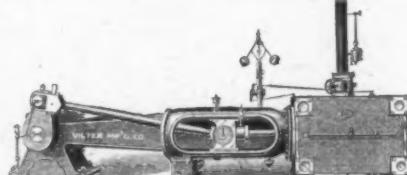
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